Works

OF

Thomas Powell, Esq.r

Au moins il s'amuse elegamment.

Gentis.

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PRELIMINARY.

THE utmost extent of the excellence of the human understanding is supposed to be seen in high finished POESY. Invention, imagination, boldness, fire, exquisite taste, and mellifluous style--all must unite in one centre of happy nature and fine cultivation. Other attainments are mechanical, and may be gained by labour and perseverance. But '*Poeta nascitur*'---the '*afflatus divinus*' must be in him, tho' not requisite for others. EPIC POESY is the head and front of all. Few pieces yet of that class are to be found in the world. Only *three* exist of originality: nay, it may be averr'd, only *one*, and that is HOMER; all others are avowedly his children. Next to this comes the mock, or serio-comic epic or heroic, "*La Poesie epique comique a façe grave.*" Of this class my Lord ORFORD in his neat letter on literature, says, "to my eyes the LUTRIN of BOILEAU, the DISPENSARY of GARTH, and the RAPE OF THE LOCK of POPE, are standards of elegance and

" grace not to be parallelled by antiquity; and " are eternal and mortifying reproaches to VOLTAIRE, whose indelicacy in his 'PUCELLE' degrades him as much, when compared with the " above, as his HENRIADE leaves VIRGIL, and " even LUCAN, whom he most resembles, by far " his superiors." We cannot but lament the misexpenditure of the superior talents and powers of our countryman, POPE, in his DUNCIAD; low characters and filthy games disgust; his fourth book, however, makes amends; therein he is all himself, great, glorious, and philosophical in the most harmonious numbers, unapproachable by any poet whatever. " Yet what are all these compo- " sitions," said a sensible lady of my acquaintance, " compared to the high entertainment we receive " from modern novels and romances? I have read " all," said she, " I can admire poetical measures " and praise them to the echo, but I must own " that there is such a witchery attends good no- " vels as drives all other reading out of doors. I " will instance only in the *Mysteries of Udolpho,* " *Romance of the Pyrenees, Ariel, Humbert Caſtle,* " *Herman and Unna* and an host of others. All " these engage, and I am bold to say, mend the " heart. No young lady or gentleman is there " living who does not rise from such studies more " improved in morality and goodness, than from " any·

" any grave *sombre* treatise on ethics." So thought PRIOR, an age since, when he said

" Examples teach where precept fails,
" And sermons are less read than tales."

Relevant to this, from my own experience, I can aver the following circumstance: a grave and very strict tutor of a young friend of mine had forbidden his pupil all novels and romances---by accident coming an hour before breakfast into my study, to divert that hour he took up SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; one page drew on another, and to that degree was his imagination fascinated, that he put the book into his pocket, and desired to peruse the whole eight volumes, which, when he had done, he owned himself a convert, declaring that he could not have imagined that such beautiful lessons, for the conduct of human life, could be so charmingly conveyed as to captivate the heart beyond graver literature. From that moment he rescinded his proscription, and allowed his pupil, and even read over with him the most approved writings of that sort.

A poet may possibly be vexed to see the tide of reading run so strongly that way; (1) he may, however, derive consolation from the consideration

(1) Even many of our colleges admit them into their public libraries.

that

that a good tragedy or comedy, or a poetical composition will always stand, as it were, a ROCK in the ocean of LITERATURE, the judicious will ever prize it, as such generally outlive the host of novels: the greater part of which vanishes after once reading: seldom indeed are the best twice read. Surprise and curiosity are their baits, which once satisfied, never again retrieve their first pungency; whereas beautiful verse (the language of the Gods) carries an eternal fascination with it, ever increasing as it spreads in fame. Good readers derive praise and worship from the graceful recitation of striking and glowing passages, which are circumstances peculiar to such compositions. I would therefore advise my young readers by way of exercise, gracefully to rehearse the grave CLARISSA's speech in the fourth canto of the RAPE OF THE LOCK, and likewise the moving scene of the *Weeping Stag* in SHAKESPEAR's fine play 'AS YOU LIKE IT,' depend on it he will find my words true, he will derive great reputation if he recites with energy and the rich grace of feeling.

These reflections weigh with me greatly. My EMMA, I am fond to flatter myself, will gain friends wherever she may gain acquaintance. The few who have seen her blame me for cruel *incœnobation*, as they call it, of a beauty: I give an amusive reply from my French 'EPITRE A MOI 'MEME,'

MEME,' as, with HORACE, I am a strong advocate for the '*Science de l'Armoire*,' the lines are as follow.

" Mais pour bien prevenir l'erreur de bon parent;
" (Tous lecteurs croyés moi agissent sans comple-
" ment.)
" A double cadenàs enfermés loin des yeux,
" Vos beaux vers mignons, n'en songés si tu peux.
" Et au bout de dix ans faites les voir le jour:
" Vous les lirès au clair sans tendresse, d'auteur.
" Comme ouvrage d'autrui vous frapp'ra le mo-
" ment:
" La ballance critique panchera justement.
" Les deffauts paroitront sans fard et sans appui:
" Les beautés intrinsiques, auront double leur prix.
" Et pour comble resultant du SCIENCE DE L'AR-
" MOIRE,
" A jamais ils brill'ront au temple de la memoire."

After this, finding that my FAVOURITE became the favourite of those to whose judgment she had passed, I wish'd to make a small edition to present my friends. I will not, with mock modesty, disown that besides the satisfaction of seeing all done with my *own eyes*, some little matter of vanity entered into the business. Tho' by no means obtrusive, I own my love for my child; GOLDSMITH'S neat lines being the picture of my mind, I do not scruple writing them here.

" Sweet

" Sweet POESY, thou loveliest virgin of my soul!
" My shame in crouds—in solitude my pride,
" Source thou of all my bliss."

I take this same VANITY to have been the DEMON that possessed SOCRATES. Every man has a certain portion thrown into his composition, and I am free to say, that without it our very *being* would be unpleasant, if not insupportable, not only in this world but in all the periods of our possible existence. If a man does not 'RESPECT 'HIMSELF, he becomes an ABJECT. Would my design or limits allow, I could bring proofs of this principle existing in many animals. The history of cows in Switzerland is a glaring instance of the sensibility of that useful creature. Our hunting and race horses, our dogs, nay, the sprightly canary birds, now over my head, on my noticing them, endeavour to gain praise from exuberance of song.

With these sentiments I dismiss my EMMA among my friends *only*, hoping that beyond that circle she may never stray, as nothing would more hurt my mind than to see the criticisms of them I hate and despise.

" ————Odi profanum vulgus
Et arceo.

P.

PRELUDE.

MONSIEUR Despreaux gives us to understand that his beautiful poem, Le LUTRIN, took its origin from a sort of challenge, thrown him, on his asserting that the best poems rise from the smallest grounds.

In this scale of reasoning (omitting our HOMERS, VIRGILS, and MILTONS) I trust it will be conceded, that poems, which have no grounds at all, must still be more excellent. I sub-pœna as a witness Monsieur Pope's Rape (esteemed by all much superior to the LUTRIN) and which had, as is verily believed, so little, as to be equivalent to no grounds at all.

Gentlemen in all ages are gentlemen: and can any one be so weak as to yield credence to the assertion, that one of that description could ever have dared offer such an unpardonable affront to a lady in public, as to cut off her curls; curls!---then so fashionable and so essential to beauty: It must have been the invention of the playful poet. Now as this present poem has in the same manner no

grounds at all, for who shall we ever be able to persuade, that it were possible for a poor *Soubrette* to supplant her young, rich, and beautiful LADY in the heart of her lover: or that a captain of the guards should be awed into matrimony by a farmer's cudgel? I aver that I think such things are utterly *incredible*. I hope, therefore, that the reader will, of course, it being in that predicable, allow it a superior rank of excellence. Moreover must I request him to have the goodness to recollect our *veto*, that no personal application of characters or incidents be made, for I here enter my protest, that though the coats may haply fit many moulds, they were measured from none, consequently none can lay in any claim. Furthermore, my dear sir, you, sir, my gentle reader and critic, do not be too rigid in substituting your judgment of perfection, as the scale and measure of my labours. Consider, dearest sir, that it has stood test for four lustres, and moreover, that I will not allow any one to give a magisterial opinion of things in which he is not an adept: for, with proper deference to your talents, I presume you, sir, are no poet; to be one is not so easy a thing as you may possibly imagine; and if you will not believe me, *try!* If you are indeed of our gentle tribe, I should rejoice, as an infinity of trouble will be saved, in pointing out a thousand hidden, and not obtrusive beauties,

beauties, which a native legitimate bard must see of his own motion.

To oblige me however, my dear friend (for such by this time I believe you to be) read this performance with attention: to ask you to do it with candour were to suppose you capable of ill-nature. If you understand it, perhaps you will read it twice: but should you be engaged to read it a third time, I shall have the very best opinion of your judgment, and bidding defiance to all criticism of vulgar ignorance, I shall carry my head to the Stars---

"*Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice.*"

HOR.

TO

MRS. ELIZABETH EDGGERTON,

NO LESS WORTHY THE NOTICE OF THE POLITE PART OF MANKIND, FOR HER VERY AMIABLE AND COURTLY ACCOMPLISHMENTS,

THAN

OF THE CURIOUS AND SPECULATIVE,

FOR

HER VERY REMARKABLE INFANTINE EXPOSITION,

PRESERVATION,

AND

EDUCATION,

BY THE

MUNIFICENCE

OF THE QUEENS

MARY AND ANNE:

THIS POEM

IS DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE

HISTORY

OF THIS

MRS. EDGGERTON

Is singular. The following sketch was taken from her own mouth by the author. Her mother was the daughter of a baronet, and married against her parents approbation to an officer, by whom she had ten or twelve children. He being obliged to go abroad with his regiment, his wife and family were left almost destitute of support, and at the time that the wife was with child of this Elizabeth. In this distressful situation, when she came to be delivered, she was advised by a female friend, living about the court, to leave the child on the back stairs leading to Queen Mary's apartment, where being found, by the Queen's particular order, the infant was taken great care of, re-christened, brought up with affection, and assigned an income out of the privy purse. Queen Anne had great regard

regard for the royal foundling, and continued her on the benevolent list. She became superintendant, as she grew up, in house matters: and was in the same quality useful in many noble families, particularly that of the late Duke of Newcastle. After a series of years she was noticed by the Lady Chapman, and had the management of that respectable family for a considerable time. In her old age she was very amply and comfortably settled in an endowment of the Chapman family at Clapton, where she resided many years, honoured, visited and respected by all the neighbourhood, for her polite and courtly conversation and sprightly wit in repartee. She there died, as she had lived, in peace and quietness of mind, and it was believed, a perfect virgin.

She often declared she had had many offers of marriage: but as her situation precluded her from any of the superior class, so her elevated spirit always rejected the addresses, and even the approach of a tradesman; such were her own words.

EMMA,

OR

THE BACULINIAD,

A

COMI-HEROIC POEM,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

WITH OTHER POETICAL STUDIES.

By THOMAS POWELL, Esq.

——O Virgo!
Cara mihi ante alias:
VIRGIL.

Teterrima Belli causa.
ANON.

T. P. del.t *E. Scriven sc.*

EMMA,

OR THE

BACULINIAD.

CANTO I.

BEAUTY! (enchantress of the world) I sing.---
Of every joy and every grief the spring.
This CYNTHIO prov'd, yet led by friendly skies
Steady his course, fair EMMA fell his prize.
Tho' much he suffer'd from a rival's hate:
Such was the will of JOVE, and such was fate.
Muse! thou who know'st the secret springs that move:
Relate the source of hate and source of love.
Let none suppose his thoughts and acts his own:
There is that guides the cot, and sways the throne.

Of

Of old OLYMPUS brought her pow'rs to sight (1)
For GREECE and ILIUM, god and goddess fight:
Angels, the records say, their minions find:
Stars in their courses war for human kind. (2)
No idle torches glitt'ring planets roll: (3)
They warm, they freeze, incite or check the soul:
Calm raging bloods, or fire the icy brain;
Dull masses else, and a creation vain.
Say then the source of all the baleful strife:---
Could beauty taint the cordial balm of life? (4)
And THOU, whose course to the clear mind (5) sets forth
An history of PROVIDENCE on earth:
Expos'd by parents---foster'd by a queen:
Thro' dangerous youth led safe to age serene:
Thou, who canst view with temper unsevere
Entering on life---the tender traveller:
Doom'd by their youth the chequer'd road to try,
In chace of bliss that dances in the eye:
Lend a kind ear:---if thou approve the rhyme
Its fame shall live along the tide of time.
Nymphs yet unborn th' instructive theme shall prize,
And future youths review with smiling eyes:

(1) Vide Iliad of Homer.
(2) Vide Judges, v. 20. The stars fought in their courses against Sisera.
(3) Tot millia Siderum judicas otiosa lucere! *Lipsius.*
(4) Tantæne animis celestibus iræ? *Virgil.*
(5) Vide History of Mrs. E. in Proema.

EMMA's

EMMA's fresh cheek in ages hence look gay,
And CYNTHIO bloom, tho' marbles fall away.
VENUS and MARS, so astrean couriers tell, (1)
Erst warm in love, to direst discord fell.
Fierce jealousy had seiz'd the heavenly fair:
Some nymph of earth she deem'd engross'd his care.
(Thus cloy'd of delicacies oft we find,
To coarsest viands e'en the best inclin'd.)
Soon, ah! too soon, the feud to earth descends,
Involves in woes two heart-engrafted friends.
(Friends, who from infancy's first bud had stood
Like the twinn'd oaks, the glory of the wood.)
EMMA's young charms were us'd to fan the war.
EMMA the minion of celestial care:
EMMA the envy of the rising fair!
Rul'd was her birth by planetary sign:
Superior JOVE with VENUS shone in trine.
Friendly, that hour shed every valued grace,
Then strength of mind united charms of face:
Tho' VENUS most her virgin mind supplied
With love's fine warmth controll'd by guardian pride.
For youthful CYNTHIO she adorned the fair,
For youthful CYNTHIO was her equal care.

(1) After the manner of the great masters of Parnassus, and of the Lyceum, this Poem hath a low and gentle voice at its opening, it riseth, as it advanceth, and getteth in its progress to a full and a rapid glow. *Scriblerus.*

" Gentlest

Gentlest of heav'nly guards whose smile is fame,
Why blush'd fair EMMA at young CYNTHIO's name?
Why in young CYNHTIO's bosom rose desire?
Why, (PLUTUS frowning) sunk the gentle fire?
Source this of trouble, anguish, and despair,
Without his favor who durst hope the fair!
Canker'd by gold, the sire ador'd that name,
Virtue and wealth with him were still the same.
MARS saw, and seeing from his fiery sphere, (1)
Darts down to earth and stands at CASSIO's ear.
" Awake," he cries, " awake, brave son of MARS,
" For wealth renown'd and glory in the wars.
" See'st thou young EMMA fair and worthy JOVE?
" Advance, proclaim her virgin of thy love.
" Advance, nor fear a rival's feeble name:
" What nymph shall long withstand a soldier's
" claim?
" Advance, assail her sire's pavilion, bold,
" Win by thy fame, thy scarlet, and thy gold."
He said. The youth perceives the power divine,
For round the dome ten-thousand glories shine.
" And must I wound young CYNTHIO," he re-
" join'd,
" And give my long lov'd friendship to the wind?

(1) Homer.

" For

" For CYNTHIO loves the maid, and such a deed
" Would, and with justice, deepest hatred breed,
" And could his friend behold that honest bosom
" bleed?"

The pow'r returns: " Hah! dost thou thus receive
" What all the Gods in holy synod give?
" A nymph endow'd with every charm to move,
" E'en the old age, with fiercest warmth of love?
" Hence, then, since thus our labours are appaid,
" Another youth shall clasp the lovely maid,
" That matchless bloom to CYNTHIO ever lost,
" By folly thine shall be a foreign boast."
" Is it e'en so," the startled youth replies,
" Lost to my CYNTHIO is that lovely prize?
" Then by my sword, whose steady edge repell'd
" The gallic pest at MINDEN's well fought field;
" No other youth shall e'er possess the fair
" Long as I breathe this all embracing air:
" Long as these skies their azure carpets spread,
" Long as our nymphs delight in martial red.
" In curs'd suspence no more shall CASSIO stand,
" EMMA I claim, 'tis MARS that gives command."
" Enough, enough," the foe of mortals cries,
And swift, high blazing, shoots into the skies.
The youth beholds his progress through the air,
With eye devout reveres the ruddy star.
Whilst as it mov'd a noxious beam was wrought,
Which purg'd his heart of every friendly thought.

No

No longer priz'd is CYNTHIO's long-lov'd name,
Secret he meditates t' o'erthrow his claim,
For love, alas! is a consuming flame.

Now morn had with her saffron robe array'd
The passive east, and chac'd the nightly shade.
And gorgeous PHŒBUS o'er the hills began
To peer on earth and wake the woods and man.
In MORPHEUS' arms young CASSIO meets his sight,
Sunk by th' oppressive vision of the night.
His bow he bends, th' electric arrow flies,
Swift as a thought, and sinks into his eyes.
The wounded nerves confess unusual pain,
And the fring'd curtains close to sleep again.
Bell'gerent MARS, who still his soul survey'd,
Forbids the dream, and drives him from the bed.
Unwilling thence his drowsy form he rears,
He strikes the bell and REGNIER strait appears.
REGNIER his life in mountain frosts had led,
Where hungry Switzers live who fight for bread.
Tall was his stature, lean his swarthy face,
Obsequious wight! correct in time and place.
No wizard fierce whom BELZEBUB enlights,
O'er human heads e'er work'd such magic slights.
His fertile brain of thousand projects full,
Ten thousand ways transmogrified one scull. (1)
Him CASSIO found as o'er the world he flew:
A slave he found him, but he found him true.

(1) Mot de Neographe.

High

High in his hand the night gown he displays,
And, widely yawning, all the field surveys.
To the tall pier he wends with little strength,
So Eve rejoic'd to view herself at length.
So every Belle contemplates every grace,
Her bosom's wonder and th' enchanting face.
There the fierce hero, slim and debonair,
Adjusts his form for conquest of the fair.
Studies the feature in a strict survey,
Elects the teint and powder of the day. (1)
With critic's skill decides for every part,
And smiles, and frowns, and swears by rules of art.
Conscious of opiates and the Naples dews:
The dentifrice (Ruspini's care) reviews.
Now the soft hands in tepid wash delight,
Mother of down, of delicate, of white.
At length the last great labor is on hand,
The altar dress'd, the wizard takes his stand:
Marshall'd there all to warriors that belong,
Gifts of th' Italian, French, and Indian throng,
Oyls, unguents, Ovid, ode, and am'rous song.
Th' enchantment works, the passive chief is bound:
Solemn and still the magus conjures round.
The lawless chaos feels the plastic cause,
As matter erst obey'd great nature's laws.

(1) Vide Essay on pomades des anges, and perfumes, &c. for the army, by General Bombardini. 16th Edition.

Soon

Soon double wings their hairy plumage spread: (1)
And Cassio vies with Hermes in the head.
Time's herald now twice two began to chime:
But beaux and belles see not the foot of Time.
So laurel'd bards wrapp'd up in transports great,
Neglect the hours and oft forget to eat.
The loaded puff (dread engine!) 'gan to play,
In the thick cloud both heroes sunk away.
So antient chiefs in tumult of the fight
In dusty whirlwinds vanish from the sight.
Before the gate rattles the chariot gay,
Light he leaps in, and thunders on his way.
Meanwhile Olympus' radiant gates unfold,
Envelop'd deep in sable clouds and gold.
Leaving their spheres, the planetary train,
In synod lofty, croud th' extended plain.
Each pow'r ascends his far resplendent throne:
When thus the queen, who charms the world, begun.
" Is it for nought these fifteen circling years
" I've guarded Emma with a mother's cares,
" Watch'd every budding of the infant soul,
" Inform'd the tongue and taught the eye to roll?
" Me soon she knew, to me address'd the prayer,
" And what she ask'd I granted, *to be fair.*
" The tender feature was my dear delight,
" I nurs'd by day and shielded it by night.
" No baleful wind upon her dar'd to blow:
" No Sun too radiant and no fairy foe.
" Tall,

(1) Anno 1787.

" Tall, like the lily from its humble bed,
" Majestic rose her love-commanding head.
" Then on her soul I shed the soft desire:
" The winning smile, the sympathetic fire.
" A thousand youths their am'rous vows impart:
" But CYNTHIO was th' elected of her heart.
" For EMMA mindful of my guiding voice
" As I inspired still inclin'd her choice.
" Him, PLUTUS, dirty God, whom men revere,
" Neglects, for CYNTHIO burns no incense there.
" MARS, thence to work your VENUS fell despite,
" Leads CASSIO in to seize on CYNTHIO's right.
" CASSIO I hate, for MARS his patron stands,
" With perjur'd frontlet and blood-reeking hands.
" Rulers of all, avenge me in my cause,
" Ah let injustice feel your righteous laws;
" If VENUS e'er was lov'd afford your aid,
" Relieve my youth, and bless my blooming maid.
She wept.------When MARS contemptuous thus broke forth:
" CASSIO's the man of military worth.
" I taught his heart to love the pomp of war,
" Drums, trumpets, cannon, scarlet, and the fair.
" To such as HE are due the brightest charms,
" And EMMA must be given to his arms.
" Let then the Cyprian Queen for CYNTHIO find,
" Some meaner nymph in figure and in mind."

To

To greatest height the feud sublime had grown,
When JOVE shone forth, and quell'd it from his throne.
" Detested pow'r, whom Gods and men abhor,
" Planet of discord and the woes of war.
" Learn to be just, lest fiery vollies fly,
" And hurl thee blazing to the nether Sky. (1)
" Thrice wert thou bound by GEORGE and my
" decree, (2)
" Then hadst thou died till LEWIS set thee free.
" Like a vile rat in secret gnaw'd the chain:
" Traitor to faith, and thou reviv'dst again.
" Hence, know thy bounds, and as we bid thee,
" move,
" Ungracious power of the fields above.
" The bitter med'cine for rebellious man,
" When gentler means to draw him home are vain.
" But thou, bright happiness of earth's abodes,
" Daughter of Heaven and the love of Gods:
" Resume thy smile, fear not our just decree,
" To JOVE is EMMA dearer than to thee.
" Go thou to earth and watch the blooming fair,
" And give up wan anxiety to air."
He said: and each unto his Star retires,
Tho' mortals view'd not then the glowing fires.

(1) Vide Descartes on Comets.
(2) Breach of Treaty, Anno Domini

VENUS

VENUS ascends her light pellucid car:
Her doves extend their little wings in air.
Around her ZEPHYRUS sweet-scented flies,
And the gay nymph that binds the wat'ry Skies.
Swift as the shepherd darts his visual beam (1)
From mountain's top to earth and sea's extreme:
The feath'ry coursers skim the liquid way,
To th' eye a Meteor in the spring of day.
CHRYSETTO's dome far off was quickly seen,
An antient castle bosom'd up in green.
There soon she lights, the silv'ry car on high,
The feather'd racers bear along the Sky.
And now the Goddess masks her lovely face,
Veils every feature, shades each heav'nly grace,
Large wrinkles rise, and snowy hairs thin spread,
Scarce cover now her palsy-shaking head.
Tott'ring she moves, a knotty staff supports
Her feeble steps to CHRYSET's wealthy courts.
So Heaven-born PALLAS all her charms array'd, (2)
Alas, too fatal to the Lydian maid!
Proud of her art, the Goddess she defied,
A spider's form corrects her stubborn pride.
Close bound by toil her EMMA soon she found,
The well touch'd works of industry hung round.

(1) Vide Homer.
(2) Ovid's Metamorphosis, History of Arachné.

Here

Here artful tints which Goddesses might boast;
There flowers and fruits which many an hour had cost.
Woods, fields, and falling floods in order stand:
Heroes, and Gods, the wonders of her hand.
And now her dext'rous fingers toil'd to prove,
In tapestry the excellence of love.
In mohair billows HELLESPONT was roll'd:
There young LEANDER beats th' opposing gold.
A silver Moon walk'd thro' an azure Sky:
And anxious HERO's watch-tow'r blaz'd on high.
Nor was the web not chosen with intent:
Each thread convey'd instructive sentiment.
CYNTHIO might thence th' eternal maxim prove,
" No sires, no oceans should be bars to love."
Soon as the nymph beheld her long lov'd face,
She ran and clasp'd her in a fond embrace.
Then plac'd aside her on the rich settée:
For much she honour'd " old EURYPHILE."
When thus began JOVE's daughter in disguise:
" EMMA, thy labors charm both earth and skies.
" And happy thou that canst the hours employ,
" And reap from industry an heart-felt joy.
" Few nymphs like thee would condescend to guide
" The needle's path, the housewife's honest pride:
" So may the Gods who view thy virtuous art,
" Give thee in time the CYNTHIO of thy heart.
At CYNTHIO's name her cheek with beauty glows,
Like the first blushes of the opening rose.

" Well

" Well does it suit, dear nurse," replies the maid,
" To pass the morning in the housewife's trade.
" E'en this thyself with many toilsome cares,
" Didst teach thy EMMA in her tender years:
" And us'd her then the fleeting hours to stay,
" Nor give to idleness the golden day."
" ---True,---true, my bird, I taught those
" thoughts to roll:
" Virtue's best guards and riches of the soul.
" Wisdom I gave thee, which the Gods adore,
" And industry the jewel of thy dow'r.
" E'en now it fills my heart with joys divine
" To see my EMMA every nymph outshine:
" To see the crouds of am'rous youths appear,
" Courting thy beauty like the morning Star.
" Ah, there be wise, nor let thy spotless mind
" Be won by gold, the bane of womankind.
" Shun outward pomp, despise the blushless face,
" The gay assurance, and the martial grace.
" Soldiers are but the pageants of the day:
" They catch the eye, the silly are their prey.
" Wouldst thou the height of earthly blessings
" prove?
" On worthy CYNTHIO center all thy love.
" And trust me, dearest, these discerning eyes,
" Of fourscore years have seen the falls and rise,
" Thence well I know, true bliss can never stand,
" If the heart goes not with the yielding hand.

" View well his heart, with generous impulse full,
" He doats on thee, the jewel of his soul.
" Whilst gay in youth, mean minds may love prefer,
" CYNTHIO shall love when age shall blanch thy
" hair.
" Fix then on CYNTHIO, fix on him thy soul,
" Nor dread old Ocean's storm or thunder's roll."
" Ah, cease EURYPHIL," EMMA straight re-
turns,
" Nor fan a flame which now too fervid burns.
" Shall I reveal the secret of my heart?---
" CYNTHIO lives here---tho' close conceal'd by art.
" His is the graceful mien, the soul sincere, (1)
" The peaceful wisdom, and the truth severe.
" Winning his ways, of sweet and courteous kind,
" Friend sans disguise, and honor of his kind.
" At his approach what soft delights I prove!
" Each inborn tumult witnesses---I love.
" Yet hope stands check'd, were PLUTUS but his
" friend!
" Bars would remove, distress and anguish end.
" Pity kind Heav'ns! ah! there be shewn your pow'r,
" Join heart to heart, and EMMA asks no more."
She spake, and blushing, hides her heav'nly
charms
In dear EURYPHIL's ever-loving arms;

(1) Tantum egregio decus enitet ore.
Virgil.

" With

With chearful words she bids her hopes to rise,
And points again the light'ning of her eyes.
" Be firm," she cries, " LOVE steady and sincere,
" O'er rocks shall lead thee safe, and forests drear;
" Be firm, and Heaven shall give into thy arms
" Thy heart's best wish, this youth of heav'nly
" charms."

No more she said, but sudden from her sight
Vanish'd,---too like a vision of the night:
Thro' Heav'ns sublime was drawn a radiant line
Which EMMA saw, and knew the pow'r divine.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

MEANWHILE before him RUMOUR fills the road:
And now had pierc'd CHRYSETTO's green abode.
Her mighty form, which not the Heavens contain, (1)
Contracts and shrivels to an aged swain.
MILDMAY his name, who the white heads had seen
Of fourscore winters and their summers green.
Him CHRYSET lov'd, and with a friendly air
Stalks forth to meet upon the gay parterre.
Then courteous leads him to the rich alcove,
Aside the sable flood and verdant grove.
" Say then," with gentle smiles and friendship's glow,
" My friend," he cries, " to what all this I owe?
" Sure something brilliant in thy bosom plays,
" BANK STOCK is risen; perhaps the NAVY pays.

(1) —" Non aliud velocius ullum
" Mobilitate viget. Viresque acquirit eundo.
" *Parva metu primo: mox sese attollit in auras.*
" Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."
Virgil.

" Pish,

" Pish! pish!" he cries, " no, never, with a sigh;
" Heaven opes to Saints, to *** the treasury. (1)
" Yet my heart leaps, the GODS are not denied,
" The Sun soon sees your EMMA in the bride.
" CASSIO the wealthy, by her beauty won,
" Aspires to call that mine of charms his own.
" Lo, at the castle's gate the chief's at hand:
" Great as his passion,---large be thy demand."
Joy stops the parent's voice.---In tone uneven,
" How true are dreams," he cries, " they come
" of Heaven.
" Ere dawn'd this morning's light methought I stood
" On the green border of the billowy flood.
" And lo, a dove in silver plumage bright,
" High in the clouds pursued its circling flight:
" When from the ocean rose a form of state,
" Swift took my bird a flight precipitate.
" The tenderest words, a subtle lure, he threw,
" She stoop'd her course averse, and kindly flew:
" Instant a billow roll'd with thund'ring roar,
" All all was gone,---I try'd,---but slept no more."
He said: when lo, before the walls appears
The splendid cause of CYNTHIO's bitter tears.
In conclave close the heroes soon engage:
Unequal match! warm youth and crafty age.

(1) To the honour of government this mode of partiality is changed, and plunder prevented.

Av'rice and lust swift settled the debate:
EMMA, fair lamb! was sacrific'd to state.
Thrice happy maid approv'd of supreme JOVE,
" *He blew his breath,*" what Heaven ordains is
love. (1)
Remote the busy charmer in her bow'r
In silent meditation pass'd the hour,
CYNTHIO's dear charms on memory's surface fall,
Thought follows thought and HOPE the gem of all.
In flattering tints his manly acts appear
The tenderest, sweetest, wisest, most sincere:
Tho' fancy, brilliant artist of the heart,
Fail'd to depict the half of high desert.
When blooming HELEN to her mistress flies,
Smiles in her face, and mischief in her eyes.
" Strange! strange!" she cries, "sequester'd here
" to breathe,
" When wealth and youth assail one's sire beneath.
" I heard,---I heard the warmest raptures move,
" All Heav'n and earth he call'd to witness love.
" Glowing his suit, CHRYSETTO much oppress'd:---
" But soon came forth the words which made him
" bless'd:
" What now remains, but thou must yield thy
" charms,
" So 'tis agreed, and fly into his arms."

(1) Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.

She

She heard, and cast her hands and eyes above.
" Do ye at last, kind Gods, my prayers approve?
" Do ye relent, shall EMMA now be bless'd?
" Shall EMMA clasp the charmer of her breast?
" Come then, my CYNTHIO, come, approach and
" find
" An heart and hand for thee long since design'd."
" Talk not of CYNTHIO," HELEN cries, " for he
" Must die,---no CYNTHIO e'er must boast of thee.
" CASSIO the wealthy, thunderbolt of war!
" Turns hope to fume, for wealth is parent's law.---
" Nay,--let not frowns that lovely face deform,
" A soldier!---such as might a beldame warm!
" O would to God such happiness were mine!
" For him ten thousand CYNTHIOS I'd resign;
" And trust me, dear, when once thou art his bride
" Thou'lt think so too, and hate all men beside.
" Haste then to dress, such is thy father's call,
" This night young CASSIO leads thee to the ball."
She heard displeas'd, and in her troubled soul
Ten thousand thoughts discordant 'gan to roll.
Her sire she fear'd, yet could not be resign'd,
For CYNTHIO held the fortress of her mind.
Now fierce resolves her gentle bosom sway,
T' attend the youth, or CHRYSET disobey,
When sudden to her aid MINERVA came, (1)
Alone confess'd unto the sparkling dame.

(1) ———ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
Οὐρανόθεν. OMH. ΙΛΙ. Α.

Such was her form, so sings the poet's lyre,
A maid in arms, and habited in fire.
" And what," she cries, " disturbs my EMMA's
" breast?
" Fear nought, but go, obey thy sire's behest:
" Resume thy smiles, be open, yet with art,
" Conceal thy thoughts, and act a double part.
" This night let CASSIO to the ball attend,
" Content the sire, nor disoblige the friend:
" There will thy CYNTHIO be, and thou shalt find,
" To sooth his fears and open all thy mind."
The nymph obeys the mandate of the Skies,
And blooming HELEN to the toilet flies.---
Sacred recess! no male contaminates:
No jesuit Switzer, pride of virtue hates.
But fair GOOD SENSE, with genuine GRACE drew
near,
And ELEGANCE, proud daughter of the sphere:
Gay FANCY---GODDESS of the lunar globe,
Adjusts the tress, and swells the flowing robe;
Happiest of aids! the genial sisters join:
She who was charming, now grows all divine:
Ten thousand LOVES the milky bosom bare,
Ten thousand CUPIDS hide in every hair:
Easy in motion, like the Paphian Queen,
She glides the GODDESS of the sylvan scene.
Her snowy arms the gorgeous bracelets grace,
Monarchs might sigh to feel their soft embrace.

Whilst

Whilst high in front thick set EGRETTA flames,
Like fierce ORION's tempest-brewing beams:
Which JOVE in wrath lights up amid the skies
To punish man for slighted sacrifice.
The baleful constellation clouds deform,
Black BOREAS roars, old OCEAN heaves in storm;
Deep in the wat'ry waste the seaman hears
The howling winds, and pours to Heav'n his prayers.
The Sun now hov'ring in the western bay
Shoots o'er the fields an horizontal ray.
And now for war the busy world prepares:
And now fair EMMA breathes her secret prayers.
" O HYMEN, giver of each dear delight,
" Our dream by day, our vision of the night:
" Thou know'st our sex just scap'd the nurse's arms,
" Prompted by thee, consider all their charms.
" By nature taught, love moves in every vein,
" Our bosoms flutter at th' approach of MAN;
" For him we sacrifice each hour of ease,
" Give days, months, years, to perfect arts that
" please.
" Tireless our thoughts to add new grace to grace,
" Enrich the mind, but most enchant the face.
" At play, at ball, our wishes stand confest,
" At church for him our orisons are address'd.
" MAN! charming MAN! our guardian and our
" guide,
" Our health, our wealth, our pleasure and our
" pride.

" God of the flaming torch, in pity hear,
" Be---be propitious to a maiden's prayer:
" O grant these eyes some new bewitching fire:
" With brighter smiles these dimpling cheeks in-
" spire:
" Instruct this tongue in eloquence to roll,
" Forceful as music on my Cynthio's soul:
" Lend the new grace, the winning charm impart,
" Fast let me bind that fond, that am'rous heart:
" There every phantom thou dissolve in air,
" Of rival, father, doubt, distrust, or fear:
" Seize this warm yielding hand,---grant swift de-
" cree,
" Dangers I slight,---e'en death itself for thee.
" God of my heart! in happy bondage join!
" Freedom of joys extatic and divine!
" Nor thou rebate these love-inspiring charms,
" But let him ever know his Heaven is in my
" arms."
Thus pray'd the nymph, and Hymen heard her
prayer,
And lent a livelier grace and a diviner air.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.

But youthful Cynthio mov'd by springs of love,
Since noon had wander'd listless in the grove,
In meditation given his thoughts to roll,
And mus'd upon this idol of his soul.
Hope and Despair by turns his mind possess,
Her smiles now chear him, now her frowns distress:
The hateful image of her sire appears:
Some rival now an air of triumph wears.
Now to high Heaven he casts a trembling eye:
Now fix'd on earth, deep sigh succeeds to sigh.
Now all in rage he stamps the hollow ground:
Now weeps, now reasons with the wild woods round.
" Why, why was beauty let to range below?
" Why was man curs'd with that supremest woe?
" Why were our hearts not form'd of rigid stone,
" Senseless of charms, self-perfect, all in one?
" Alas! to bear love's never dying fires,
" And live the sport of fears and fond desires:

" Is this not what apostate Angels feel?
" TANTAL's dread curse, IXION's tort'ring wheel?
" Dear, cursed day, that EMMA's modest smiles,
" Caught my fond heart and bound in silken toils.
" Free as the bee, in pleasures pass'd my hours,
" And fix'd by none, I sipp'd all beauty's flow'rs.
" Till that fine form like an enchantment wrought,
" In tenfold chains I found my heart was caught.
" Pleas'd with the toils, I felt not lost repose,
" I hugg'd my fetters, nor discern'd them *woes*.
" The wide world's pleasures in my sight grew poor;
" My wealth was now fair EMMA to adore.---
" O ill-starr'd girl! dear source of all my pain!"---
A voice replies, " dar'st thou of her complain?
" Gentlest of beings SHE;---what spake her eyes?
" Those flatt'ring couriers of dear sympathies.
" Think, and be firm, go, every danger dare;
" If foes confront, wage thou the glorious war:
" DREADNOUGHT!---but be her charms thy
" polar STAR."

He said: and looking round beheld he stood
On the green margin of a winding flood;
Which from a spring of chrystal clear began,
And in its pebbled bed melodious ran.
Beneath an oak whose roots peep'd o'er the deep,
In thought compos'd he fell to pleasing sleep.
And lo a lofty temple struck his eye:
A peristyle of Attic masonry.

There

There crouds of florid youths and nymphs drew near,
Like the gay people of the purple sphere.
Sudden the trumpet rais'd its martial sound:
In sprightly dance they lightly beat the ground.
A female form outshining all the rest
Arose far blooming in a flowing vest:
Suppliant around the visionary fair,
A thousand youths with courteous smiles appear:
He too approach'd, and as he nearer drew,
The beauteous face of EMMA struck his view.
She saw in turn, a sudden blush o'erspread
Her cheek, and like a flower she hung her head.
Her hand he seiz'd upon his bended knee,
And led her forth in beauty's majesty.
A gorgeous knight came forth upon the plain:
They menac'd, fought, but soon the knight was slain.
With gen'rous grief he mourns his rival dead,
When CASSIO's face he spies, the roses fled.
Friend! rival! slain!---he pours a flood of tears,
Laments the cause, and curses all his stars.
CASSIO he calls to all the forests round:
CASSIO the woods and hollow dells resound.
Soon the scene melted in the flying airs:
In joy he wakes, and for the ball prepares.

Say

Say GODDESS, seated on the rolling sphere, (1)
Whose piercing eyes see all things as they are,
Whilst we poor mortals led by flying fame,
Oft fail fair truth and sail a lying stream.
Oh say what beauties fond of pow'r and dress,
What beaux in wait those beauties to possess,
That night from regions near and distant meet,
To grace the ball with music-moving feet.
To count them all, bright looks and rich attire,
ALCŒAN strength demands, and SAPPHO's lyre.
MUSE! thou consent, thy great assistance bring:
Their CHIEFS, their NUMBERS, and their CHARMS
I sing.

Majestic HILSBOROUGH led the sparkling van;
With BUCKLEIGH stately in her Grecian train.
Slim HYLAS this supports with tender care:
That tall NARCISSUS with well essenc'd hair.
Next these, with maiden step and modest grace,
CULWORTH soft empress of a snowy face:
Her bright-ey'd sisters swept behind the way:
MARIA serious, HARRIET the gay.

(1) "Dicite nunc mihi Musæ celestibus Domos habentes,
"Vos enim Deæ estis, adestis scitisque omnia
"Nos autem famam solum audimus neque quidquam scimus."
Rapsodia B.

To avoid the charge of pedantry, we omit the original Greek, and give the Latin translation verbatim, as we conceive that three fourths of our readers may understand the one and but few the other.

Two

Two youths attend, each owns a brother's name;
And FLORUS sighing for the elder dame.
All these the silv'ry AVON issues forth:
AVON whose shores were bless'd with SHAKESPEAR'S birth.
AVON whose stream like old ILYSSUS clear,
Like that shall shine dramatic heroes care.
To these succeed the loveliest of her kind;
WANSBOROUGH far noted for well temper'd mind.
In beauty's van the nymph was not beheld:
Nature had plac'd her in a middle field.
Yet round her flew the Graces and the Loves,
And in her gait at least a Goddess moves.
From SARUM'S well grac'd town the virgin came:
SARUM whose spire is known by flying fame. (1)
In bright array the slim PANOPEA shone:
To each one's merit privy but her own.
THESBIA and ARRIA, nymphs whose shewy charms
Had set the clerks of ASTROP up in arms. (2)
PLISSA the sprightly, ARAXFORD the proud,
CELIA the silent, THORNBURY the loud.
From AUST'S high cliffs that view SABRINA'S floods,
And BERKELY rising from delicious woods, (3)
These

(1) Vide Price's Survey.

(2) Vide the Amusements of Astrop, by the learned M. W. A. N. S. H. and D. D. of Oxford.

(3) ANECDOTE—Earl Goodwin to get possession of this beautiful religious seat, introduced his nephew into the convent. He was a very handsome youth, and of so pleasing an address, that he found means to win the affections not only of the

These nymphs were sprung: seven beaux in order stand,
In silken jackets trimm'd, a splendid band.
Cackling they came along the dusky shore, (1)
In three barouchès, and a coach and four.
Next these CHRYSILLA, rich by hand of art,
Whose well-aim'd glances won ASHBURNHAM'S heart;
Moves like a flower, ZEPHIRETTA'S care,
Smooth in her gait, and easy in her air.
The smiles and graces on her beauty play'd·
Abroad an Angel, but at home a jade.
Sent from the fields where silver Lea is roll'd,
And views her fields thick clad in waving gold.
GATTEN appears with gorgeous trappings spread:
Flow'rs, wings, and castles nod upon her head.
Long had she practis'd arts to win the soul;
Bar'd the white bosom, taught the eye to roll.
Yet once resistless was her artless bloom,
No rose emitted such a rich perfume:
Till fond of praise she strove t'excel the grace,
That flushes in the rural virgin's face:
Ambitious maid! how vain is art to give
Hues which in FLORA'S cheek can scarcely live!

the holy sisters but of the lady abbess herself. Of this the traiterous earl availed himself, and by representing at court their irregularities, got possession of their lands.

(1) Κλαγγηδὸν.—*Homer.*

Th'

Th' avenging GODS to check the daring pride,
A sallow courtly countenance supplied:
With thee no more the rose of Sharon blooms,
And Nature sickens at the bought perfumes.
Thou next, my LUCY, in thy flaxen hair,
Came on with winning smiles and genuine air:
Self-taught in female dignity and grace,
Of manly sense beyond the female race:
Thy manners mild, and unimpeach'd thy face.
There too thy SOPHY of congenial mind;
Born to charm all, yet tantalise mankind.
Hail, matchless maids! unlike the common tide:
With wit good humour'd, and polite with pride.
Rich tower'd ISIS where MINERVA dwells,
In antient groves and antiquated cells,
Sends thee, gay SAPPHO, to the sprightly dance;
With well taught eyes and classic elegance.
Skill'd in the arts polemic as of song:
A winning smile and a seductive tongue.
Equal to all, or law, or attic store:
Zoology was chief and Linnean lore.
Nice sexual systems 'twas thy pride t'embrace:
DARWIN'S chaste loves with DARWIN'S jesuit's face. (1)

In

(1) Vide Darwin's Loves of the Plants, a poem, on which the following lines were written:

"The chastest virgins erst they grew,
"But DARWIN came,--their virtue flew.

"Say

In vain the square capp'd youth the contest tries:
The youth that conquers is the youth that flies.
For who escapes the Demosthenean stream,
Scapes not, alas! that eye's resistless flame.
What armour guards the heart from tumult's glow,
When naked bosoms all their treasures shew:
Pontiffs and kings might melt at such dear charms,
And die to grasp such globes within their arms.

LAURA appears with frank and easy eye:
Such---beauty, sense, and gracefulness supply.
Ever *at home* in elegance enshrin'd;
She boasts that gem, AN HIGHLY CULTUR'D MIND,
From WINDSOR's towers th' accomplish'd virgin came:
Th' inspiring Muse of ETON's classic stream.

RHETIA succeeds, ambitious of command;
In making tea none shew'd a whiter hand.
THEISBA next with an expressive mien,
Exalted swims a Goddess or a Queen.
KENT boasts her birth, where SE'ENOAK is beheld,
The silver flood and green enamell'd field.

"Say PHŒBUS, couldst thou lend thy flame
"To spoil thy children's honest fame?
"No; 'twas a Satyr stole thy fire!
"A Thyad's lust attun'd his lyre.
"Pollution comes of every slave:
"E'en DIAN's self no Gods can save."

P.

By

By her blue eye and easy moving pride,
BEWDLY was won and made the fair his bride.
Nine times the nymph had call'd LUCINA's aid;
A manly boy and sparkling girl she led.
With her Count ROGERS' smiling eyes were seen:
Protuberance vast, and plump two staged chin.
Potations, pottle deep, swell'd his renown:
Lords names he had familiar as his own.
Fond to harangue, great Gods! the council stare;
Yet MANSFIELD laughs delighted at the *Bear*.
Great was his use and uncontroul'd his sway,
O'er all presiding in the *oddest* way.
NÆVIA came next,---soft mincing was her tread;
The nymph was conscious of her rich brocade,
And oft she turn'd and oft she toss'd her head.
The loves and muses in her bosom meet:
Not young, yet rampant, tho' not learn'd, a WIT.
On every knight's broad back she rides along,
And pesters all incontinent with song.
ACTEON follows, bold in every chace:
A boist'rous cub, the roughest of his race.
To curb the courser in his full career,
The fox unearth and drive the foamy deer;
That is thy sphere, ACTEON, that thy claim,
No other portal thee *emits* to fame.
The rural boor the woeful beau assumes:
Rank with the aromatic of perfumes.

Suspend,

Suspend, bold youth, one night thy coarse bull roar,
And be for once what ne'er thou wast before;
Nor prove the theorem of learned class:
" Beauty oft turns vain MAN into an ass."
Yet who is he whose pertly smirking face
From powder'd curls assumes redoubted grace?
Sir FROTH behold: high arbiter of dance,
The travell'd BUG of Italy and France.
Of ALP and APENNINE he somewhat knew:
PICTURE his fort, and POISONS not a few.
Gallic his garb, castrato was his voice;
Tall CHLOE was the little hero's choice.
With opera step he leads the lofty fair,
And stands on tiptoe still to ply her ear.
COLLIÈS advances with *nonchalant* jet,
And humming loud a tender canzonet. (1)
A beau in years, gay, blooming, evergreen:
GEORGII PRIM. his sprightly youth had seen.
Fair on his shoulders falls a mass of wig:
Copious---the heads of forty beaux to rig.
Beaux such as live in this degenerate age,
Vain sapless fops, the sex's sport and rage.
With pleasing jests he laughs with every fair,
And wields his snuff-box with unequall'd air.
With him young CYNTHIO's royal form appears:
ANTONIO too, his friend and match in years.

(1) Bell Idol del mio affanno.
Vide Metast.

Sans

Sans mark or likelyhood an host succeeds;
Nymphs of light heels and youths of lighter heads.
Soon all subside, as atoms find their place:
When like the Sun now dawn'd fair EMMA's face.
All rise, all silent gaze; with easy feet
Self-flatter'd CASSIO leads her to her seat.
Then trembled CYNTHIO in the fit of fear:
Behold the visionary spectre near.
" Gods, Gods!" he cries, " fond foolish heart to
" deem,
" That woman's soul is firm in the extreme.
" Man is a fool, they're lighter than the wind;
" To the new breeze thou seest she is resigned."
" Blame not thy FAIR," ANTONIO swift replies,
" But blame thyself, mad youth of jealous eyes.
" Observe her well, tho' sprightly as at ease,
" She sees, but dare not look at what she sees."
Scarce had he said when EMMA's stealthy sight
Met her dear CYNTHIO's in a flash of light.
To earth he bows, the nymph with matchless grace
Returns the bow, deep blushes spread her face.
Swift then fled hope in CASSIO's blasted air,
And every laurel faded in despair.

With horns and viols now the domes rebound:
MARTINI's minuet spreads its glorious sound.
COLLIER springs forth, and with a janty air
Conducts thee, LUCY, into the parterre.

How

How bright thy smiles as the old beau commends;
Nor youth nor sprightly maid his wit offends.
Now fairest charms in fairest light are seen:
High female dignity in face serene.
Soft play the viols, soft the trumpets blow;
Smooth swims the nymph majestically slow.
Cease, O ye bards! no more CAMILLA boast;
No more the virgin of PHŒACIA's coast.
Where find the eye that speaks the virtuous soul?
VICE shrinks abash'd and feels the proud controul.
CYNTHIO, to thee now yields SOPHIA's hand,
Envied by each saltator of the band.
Ah! had not EMMA then thy heart possest,
That heart had now been robb'd of golden rest:
A conqu'ror wide she floats sublime along;
Prais'd, honour'd, envied by the female throng.
To crown the fortune of the doubtful day,
Now beauteous EMMA falls thy lawful prey.
Say, Muse, what motions in her bosom rise,
What change of cheek, what cowardice of eyes!
Scarce on the youth dar'd she direct their light,
Scarce stand that awful all-concenter'd sight.
But friendly PALLAS ever was her aid;
Or love had sunk with all-o'erpowering dread.
But soon arose new fortitude of soul:
Soon beauty's terrors 'gan again to roll.
All---all herself majestic yet benign,
Her form august, her countenance divine:

Grace

Grace mark'd each step, the loves in circles play,
And in her smile e'en envy died away.
So on the flood the beauteous frigate sails,
In flowing pride, fann'd on by am'rous gales:
The petty traders curtsy to her state,
And the green Nereids on the pageant wait.
KILSMORE then claim'd fair WANSBRO's queen like hand:
LAURA, couldst thou young DAMON's suit withstand?
Each youth in order rose to grace the night,
And every nymph display'd the vast delight.
Not greater bliss the murd'ring hero knows,
Drawn in full triumph at the public shews.
Not greater bliss the cloister'd vestal boasts,
In vision rapt'rous of the heav'nly hosts,
Than every beauty felt within her rise,
And every beau who lives on beauty's eyes.
But CASSIO swell'd with pent-up thoughts oppress,
Seeks to select young CYNTHIO---foe confest:
Hot rage illuminates his pale-struck cheek;
So looks fierce Ætna ere convulsions break.
Then thus in wrath: " pretensions here resign,
" By CHRYSET's will I call this fair-one mine:
" Hence, cease thy ways to turn her duteous love,
" For know, by FIENDS below, and Gods above,
" If still thou off'rest love, woe to thy state,
" This sword, or that, shall soon decide our fate."

CYNTHIO

CYNTHIO surveys him: "CASSIO, must we prove
"Friendship a ghost, if chance one nymph we love?
"Think---on thy CYNTHIO first devolv'd the fire,
"And CYNTHIO follows what the Gods inspire.
"---Resign his passion 'cause a rival stares!
"Vanish ye Heavens, earth melt thou in airs.
"No; whilst the full fraught veins this form en-
"twine;
"Whilst spirit, sight, sensation, life be mine:
"My EMMA, as my crown, my Heav'n I prize,
"Her champion I,---all dangers I despise.
"And, mark me well, if thou intrudest suit,
"Vengeance, dire vengeance, be the dreadful
"fruit."

Frowning he spake, when full-fed ROGER rose:
Hight TULLIUS he, to *speechify* the foes. (1)
"Z——ds, sirs," and forc'd his bulwark paunch
between,
"No battles here, by ——; what---what d' ye
"mean?
"To mirth, not wrath, we dedicate this night,
"Dance now, and after go to —— and fight."

He spake: the heroes strait suspend the war:
Each lively youth selects a lively fair.
Whilst fiddles sharp, and twanging harps resound,
And merry footing fill'd the region round.

(1) Vide Hodges de Re Rhetorica.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO IV.

NOT so contented:---from the starry way,
MARS glides to earth upon a fiery ray:
The Moon now gilded every mountain's height, (1)
And silence reign'd beneath the wings of night:
Save in the copse where PHILOMELA's throat
Sooth'd every echo in a liquid note.
Another form the boist'rous power appears, (2)
Than when he mov'd the Phrygians to the wars:
No chariot wing'd by terror and by flight;
No helm, no blazing spear alarms the night.
Slim grows his stature, smooth his rugged brow:
To human vision a mere mortal beau.
Thus mask'd he pierc'd the walls, a glitt'ring guest,
And every eye Sir BERGAMOT confess'd.
But CASSIO chief;---his soul he stirs to rage,
Upbraids his ease and spurs him to engage.

(1) ——Usci la notte e sotto li ali
Meno il silentio. *Tasso.*
(2) Vide Homer.

" Thou slumb'rest, youth, awake, awake," he
cries, (1)
" See CYNTHIO steals thy mistress 'fore thine eyes.
" Rescue! revenge! lest now each laughing fair
" Deride thy love, and murder in a sneer.
" Rise and assert, if yet thou lov'st, thy fame,
" Or bid good night to honor and the dame.
" Draw, and revenge this most atrocious deed;
" To clear thy honor I myself will bleed."

So saying, DISCORD, who too long had stood
Where THAMES reflects St. Stephen's in his flood,
Thunders o'er head, th' attendant of the God,
And fills with noisy spirits all th' abode.
Sudden the music ceas'd, the loud uproar
Of shrill and hoarse alarms the peaceful shore.
Like angry wasps the well-dress'd parties throng;
Belles urge on belles and beaux drive beaux
along. (2)
High waving plumes unnumber'd move above,
As when an earthquake shakes the mountain grove.
Small was the spark which gave the tumult rise,
But now the flames lash'd furious to the skies.

So when the winds that from cold SAMOED flow,
Awaking, first with gentle breathings blow:

(1) Vide Homer.
(2) Umbone impellitur umbo.—*Statius.*
Velut unda supervenit undam.—*Horace.*

The

The pine-tops scarcely bend, the glassy deep
Is seen to blacken as the breezes sweep:
But soon the loud mouth'd hurricanoes roar;
The white head billows smite the sounding shore:
PELION's old woods beneath the tempest groan,
And OSSA mourns her lofty sons o'erthrown.
Say, Muses, say, dear Goddesses, ye know (1)
What's false, what's true, what's rich and rare below.
Could beaux assert in fight the bubble *Fame?*
Could belles be fir'd to battle for a name?
Count BERGAMOT advanced with giant's stride,
And CASSIO prudent on the armed side.
On CYNTHIO the brigaded warriors bear,
But COLLIÉS and ANTONIO stem the war.
" Proud art thou met," the youthful hero cries,
" EMMA be now thy bane, but ne'er thy prize.
" By pander wealth a traitor CASSIO lives;
" Scorn and contempt is all that EMMA gives.
" Cast out of friendship's pale, that humble Hea-
" ven: (2)
" What wounds the heart can never be forgiven."
CASSIO returns: " Vain boy, thy threats I prize
" As FRIBBLE's rage or GATTEN's angry eyes.

(1) Et meministes enim divæ, et memorare potestis.
Virgil.

(2) ——————Amicitiæ
Venerabile nomen. *Ovid.*

" Prepare for death:" a sudden pass he made,
But prudent PALLAS turns the blade to lead.
Then burns the fire in COLLIÉS' vengeful eyes,
He draws a snuff-box of portentous size.
Straight levell'd at his head, a point blank course
The bolt of JOVE flew with tremendous force.
Resounds his front, three steps he backward made:
The warrior box bounds upwards from his head;
Descending meets ACTEON's well-fenc'd scull,
There splits,---alarm'd,----*(desunt nonnulla.)*
Frequent as cannon of embattled hosts,
A thousand noses roar thro' all the coasts.
ACTEON chief, who ne'er before had tried
In vollies large the dust of foreign pride.
On the hard ground outstretch'd in tears he lies,
Whilst peals of scoffs, and shouts and laughter rise.

So when TYPHÆUS 'gainst OLYMPUS strove,
And piling mountains shook the realms of JOVE;
Loud from on high th' æreal bolts resound:
His clumsy stature wallows on the ground.
So lay the cub, the foe with joy beheld:
" 'Tis ours," he cries, " our arms assert the field."
" Not yet," Sir FROTH with small shrill pipe replies,
" 'Tis I must this rude insolence chastise.
" Vile savage *cretur*---by her whom I adore,
" This blow shall lay thee dead upon the floor."

He

He spake: and in an evil hour he drew
The great GALLINI gilt and letter'd too: (1)
This at the chief he launches with a bound,
Swift thro' the air it flies with rustling sound:
ANTONIO views its well directed course,
With dext'rous hand he stops its little force;
Then in return against th' unhappy beau,
He lifts the volume in the act to throw:
And thus: " what Fury thirsting for thy fate
" Urges thy soul to battle with the great?
" To cope with such but ill becomes thy might,
" With warring nymphs Sir FROTH should rather
" fight;
" Some price-less trophy thence thou might'st
" have won,
" A fan, a garter, and not been undone:
" But now no path is left thee to retreat,
" Thine own dread bolt shall lay thee at my feet;
" Then in soft ditties may stout CHLOE tell,
" I, and GALLINI, sent Sir FROTH to hell."
He said: the winged weapon swiftly flew
With singing fury and the beau o'erthrew,
Like the fell poison swell'd then every vein,
He kick'd a chacone with the quiv'ring pain.
Shatter'd the snowy honors of his head,
Senseless, he lay---fair CHLOE thought him dead.

(1) Vide Sir John Gallini's treatise upon dancing, very rare.

O'er his white face a stream began to flow,
Sanguine, e'en such as trills from every beau: (1)
In screaming haste high am'rous CHLOE flies,
Salts in her hand, and chrystals in her eyes.
But at her voice the hero's spirits stay:
High in her arms she bears him from the fray.
" Go," cries the chief, " thou phantom of the
" great;
" Go, and teach others wisdom from thy fate."
Then turning on his heel in just disdain,
He seeks the battle in the distant plain.
There CLODIO 'mong the warring females fought,
And many a wonder o'er the vanquish'd wrought:
A snowy veil was dreadful in his hand,
The spoil from ARRIA'S snowy bosom gain'd:
And now he had brought the black-ey'd CHLOE
down,
Vain was the heroine's smile, and vain her frown.
She yields, but yet her heart rebellious beats;
The victor kiss'd her thrice, and thrice repeats.
Then thus, soft breathing; " CHLOE, now I prove
" How vain is battle when we fight with love;
" Behold the victor here at mercy lies,
" Seize me in arms and be at once my prize:
" Hence let us fly, to other fields retire,
" Where Cupid shines in genial sheets of fire.

(1) Vide Milton.

" With

" With thee ill suits this harsh, this rough fought
" field,
" In other fights to thee the strongest yield."
He said, he look'd, he sigh'd, he fondly vow'd:
Sudden they vanish in a golden cloud.
Such wreaths to gain now twenty youths prepare,
Fierce bent the brunt of battle on the fair,
ANTONIO sees, and stops th' unequal war.
Sharp was the conflict on the impassive ground;
Ten heroes lay, with cries the roof rebound. (1)
Count BERGAMOT advanced with haughty brow,
Leads the hot CASSIO's squadron on the foe.
ANTONIO greatly fights, at length gives way,
Yet like the hunted stag he stands at bay.
Like lightning CYNTHIO to support him flies,
And COLLIÉS too, his wig about his eyes.
(Ah me! no bard's in pill'ry knew such scorn,
By ruffian hands tugg'd, tumbled, touzled, torn.)
Recedes the troop, young CASSIO inly throws,
Demands new weapons, source of novel woes:
When (and hard by) the library came in head,
Where live the spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD. (2)
(Gentlest of beings, prompt to come, to go,
Give the soft sleep, or chace the drowsy foe.)
Where beau and belle the tedious mornings kill,
When trimming MAT's eternal clack lies still,
And not one slander turns GOSSIPA's mill.

(1) Vide Homer. (2) Vide Cicero.

High in the front inscriptions richly roll:
" Approach (1) and take the PHYSIC OF THE SOUL."
Seiz'd with full strength the folding doors resound,
Locks, bolts, bars, hinges, burst with horrid sound:
Like hail the well gilt tomes began to pour;
Great poets, huge divines, now press the floor.
Terrific law, man's curse, now mounts in heap:
Philosophy breaks its eternal sleep:
Novels, the spawn and learning of the day:
Antient romance to modern, giving way.
Vast magazines for silken students fit,
And deep reviews that skim the cream of wit,
(For candor fam'd, and classical pretence,
Stern keepers they of common readers sense)
Alert and active raise the dusty cloud,
Now, as in life, bold, modest, calm, or loud.
Each chief now summons his battalion near,
And now afresh begins the grief of war.
What CASSIO's impious hand had rudely prest,
(So POMPEY broke the holiest holy rest.) (2)
ANTONIO sees dispers'd, dishonour'd lie:
Here the spruce P*** there the sprucer ***.

(1) ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ.
A modern library, said the witty Lord C. might admit another sort of inscription, as this,
" Here mental poisons are preserved in sweets."
(2) Vide Romans in Palestine.

Sans

Sans façon raises LOCKE in contest warm,
More than the SORBONNE dread the coming storm. (1)
Who shall oppose! shall beaux of mortal race?
No; were their bones of steel, or fronts of brass.
Yet what black demon, ROGER, brought thy head
Full in the path-way of the GLORIOUS DEAD?
Vain prov'd that bulwark to resist the shock,
Tho' fame reports it solid as a rock.
Thou wouldst have fled presageful of the blow;
Ah, nature! why do bodies huge move slow?
Beneath th' immortal tome he thund'ring falls,
The stout joists bend, fierce shake the massy walls.
Each thought him dead, each sheds the tender tear;
" ROGER, ah ROGER," mournfully strikes the ear.
" He bleeds, huge AJAX bleeds," ANTONIO cries,
" Their bulwark down, the rest is easy prize."
" Mistaken boaster," CASSIO soon replied, (2)
" Enough remain to quell thy Gothic pride:
" None scape my rage if fate directs me right,
" And hostile blood shall glut the God of fight."
So saying, from the ranks where bright they shone
He tears the tomes of matchless RICHARDSON.
Then meek PAMELA, white curd of a wife,
Dispatch'd six ruffians to the verge of life.

(1) Les Docteurs de la Sorbonne se sont offensés contre Mr. Locke, de ce quil s'oppose aux Idées innées.
Voltaire.

(2) Vide Homer.

To seven CLARISSA was an horrid bore:
Magnific CARLOS humbled seven more.
Unparagon'd, the chieftain was defined
The præter-perfect-plu of human-kind.
Lofty, see bustling in the realms of air,
ARTHUR renown'd, of learned LOCKE the care: (1)
(How changeful taste! who a long age had stood,
Warm in his dust, next ALMAHIDE in wood.)
The warrior seiz'd him with a warrior's force,
And points in malice dire his cloudy course:
In the mid air fell DRYDEN knocks him down,
Like lead he dropp'd, the laureat tome flew on.
Grazes NARCISSUS front, damag'd a charm,
And passing strikes ANTONIO's lifted arm;
E'en then on tip-toe he essay'd to rear
The Persic CYRUS to a dread career; (2)
A sudden tingling thro' the tendon fled,
All force was lost, down falls the Mighty Dead:
Some oaths the vent of undissembled vein,
Lawless burst forth, ah, who shall govern pain!
Pain! hark, BERKLEIUS swears in solemn kind, (3)
All pain but phantoms of the vulgar mind.
But now sublime lunarian WILKINS flies,
Hurls ruin on twelve planets where they rise.

(1) Vide Locke's Letter to Mr. Molyneux.
(2) Cyrus, Roman de M. de Scuderi.
(3) Vide Bishop of Cloyne's Philosophy.

WHISTON

WHISTON insensate! in a Comet's pow'r---
Fierce, the rich lustre rattles on the floor.
The dreadful crash suspends the rage of war,
With one consent both armies yield to fear,
And helter skelter scatter far and near.
Some thought a thunder-bolt had fall'n from Heaven,
Some that the walls, and lofty roofs had given.
Beaux swoon'd, nymphs shriek'd, ah! dire was the uproar,
And many a captain fainted on the floor.
So at the gun's report the dormice fall,
And death's stiff image for a while holds all.
And now while all to sudden terrors yield, (1)
A silent desert shew'd th' embattled field:
When

(1) To relax our readers after the violence of furious wars, we pass, as did the great prince and father of epic poesy, from the confusion of battle to the tranquillity of interesting narration contained in this beautiful episode, similar to that of Glaucus and Diomedes in the Iliad, which we here subjoin in Mr. POPE's translation, that the close adherence to the Grecian bard may be seen. By means of this fortunate episode, a pleasing wonder becomes recorded in our poem: no less than the history of the ever famous female literary society, commonly called the BLUE STOCKIN'D Club. Its fame now becomes embalmed to everlasting memory: a club! great Gods of Parnassus! unrivalled by Italian conversationes, Spanish Tertulias, or French petits soupers, or les assemblées des scavans de l'academie. The names of Montagu, and many of her renowned colleagues, are now preserved beyond the period that her chateau in Portman Square

When DELIA first of virgins justly vain,
Stepp'd forth undaunted to survey the plain.

Her

shall be in the powder of ruin: *Non omnis moriar.* Thither came the conscious members of literary pretensions full charged with bon mots and well digested theses: but alas! to our knowledge often did it happen, that after the studied bolt was *shot*, dumb vacuum ensued.

Iliad 6. *vide The* EPISODE *of* GLAUCUS *and* DIOMEDES.

Now paus'd the battle: godlike HECTOR gone:
When daring GLAUCUS and great TYDEUS' son
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew TYDIDES thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the sons of man?
Our eyes till now, that aspect ne'er beheld
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field.
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when MINERVA fires!
But if from Heaven, celestial, thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long, &c.

I brave not Heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
(Replied the chief) can TYDEUS' son enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city,

Her the gay SAPPHO equal in the war,
Dar'd to confront,---in hand a maim'd guitar.
Her tuneful art from fam'd GAUTHROTTO sprung,
From G***N intrepidity of tongue.
Flash'd both their beauteous eyes, divinest flame!
When thus in music's tone the Sapphic dame.

A city, &c. Here follows the history of BELLEROPHON, who was the bearer of a sealed letter containing orders for his own destruction, which however he escaped. DIOMED, by this conference finding that their grandsires had been mutual guests, agrees with GLAUCUS never more to be enemies.

He spoke; and transport fill'd TYDIDES' heart,
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart.
Then friendly, thus the LYDIAN prince address'd
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race;
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
OENEUS the strong, BELLEROPHON the bold:
Our antient seat his honour'd presence grac'd, &c.
If Heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in ARGUS thou, and I in LYCIA thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field.
Enough of GREEKS shall dye the spear with gore,
But thou and DIOMED be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight.
Brave GLAUCUS then each narrow thought resign'd,
(JOVE warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)
For DIOMED's brass arms of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)
He gave his own of gold divinely wrought,
An hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

POPE.

" *Bel*

" *Bel Idol mio,* who shall rival song?
" Far known, high prais'd, by all the tuneful throng,
" Is SAPPHO's matchless art: dar'st thou bold maid,
" Encounter SAPPHO in APOLLO's trade!
" Ha! whence thy form? to SAPPHO's eye un-
" known,
" Some rustic beauty of some country town.
" Yet shew'st inflexibility of face,
" Tho' short of RANTIPOLES of courtly race.
" Say, know'st thou SAPPHO, that thou dar'st con-
" test?
" A phœnix she, and ISIS is her nest.
" Learning's deep *well* who dares with SAPPHO
" draw?
" Be'it MEON's son, or EUCLID, LOGIC, LAW.
" Superior yet with DARWIN to disclose,
" Stigma and petal of the modest rose.
" Say dar'st thou mount where MATHESIS o'er-
" whelms?
" With HERSCHELL range'yond planetary realms?
" Descending thence mix with the common fair?
" Slaves to our beauty, let us lists compare.
" The numbers vanquish'd, is our highest fame,
" Not qualities, those be the vulgar claim.
" From SAPPHO's charms no mortal is secure;
" Where SAPPHO wounds no medicine can cure.
" If then no rival, 'tween us be no odds,
" For SAPPHO is the care of all the Gods.

" But

" But if thou art a maid of martial race,
" Offspring of beauty and the stol'n embrace,
" A mortal virgin of whate'er degree,
" Nourish'd by white meats and sustain'd by tea;
" Rash thing retire, repentance comes too late,
" For SAPPHO's hand is still the hand of fate."
To whom the chief, with such an heav'nly smile,
As might of wrath, or Gods, or men beguile.
" Not to know me might SAPPHO's honours stain;
" Ask ASTROP's beaux, the W*** M*** F***.
" Not known! reflect! review the winter past,
" Lord SQUANDER's dance, and BRAINLACK's
" stupid feast.
" Nay, more, tho' wits the shortest memories
" grace,
" In Portman's field thou mayst recal this face:
" A conflict thou, fair SAPPHO, didst maintain,
" With a grave leader of the blue-hos'd train.
" Sage MONTAGU, in VOLTAIRE's conquest
" proud, (1)
" Sate queen, sate umpire of the various croud.
" Supreme in honours as rever'd in age,
" With CARTER habited an Areopage: (2)

(1) Vide Montagu versus Voltaire.
(2) Miss Carter, the Grecian.

" Stout

" Stout HANNAH MORE by courtly prelates
" taught, (1)
" And moon-ey'd JOHNSON pumping for a
" thought. (2)
" PIOZZI too, apotheosis'd by beer: (3)
" And ROBINSON the loveliest sonnetteer. (4)
" And vacant C----P----Y, half-witted wight,
" The ape of fashion in her lord's despite.
" With twenty rhyming nymphs of shallower song,
" Fair novelists, drove novelists along."
" The point in moot was on the canine breed,
" Weigh'd against man for valour, heart, and head.
" You were the spaniel's friend, all own'd your wit,
" 'Twas to my grand-dam you vouchsaf'd submit,
" Yet much she own'd from you instruction sprung,
" Tho' nervous polish'd, and tho' modest strong.
" Then let not savage broils our names disgrace,
" Friendship you see ere this unites our race.
She spake, a generous flame that instant burn'd,
The chiefs embrace, and SAPPHO thus return'd.
" I well recal that verbal well drawn fight,
" Each point of argument I can recite,

(1) Hannah More on female education, corrected by Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.

(2) Dr. Samuel Johnson.

(3) Mrs. Thrale, widow of the famous brewer of that name, who married her Italian music-master merely from the love of the arts.

(4) Vide her odes, and sonnets to and from Della Crusca.

" Graceless

" Graceless and bold was I, I'm free to own,
" To enter lists with one of her renown.
" Yet Isis' pride was mine, I greatly dar'd
" Venture for trophies, gownsmen, learn'd, rever'd.
" Sprightly severe, the contest ably ran;
" Now dogs were baited, now the creature, man.
" Lawyers were scoundrels, like the bull-dog, bold,
" When once well fasten'd never quitting hold.
" Sleek greyhounds, silken lords, and judges there
" In warm thick coats, shagg'd like the polar bear.
" The surly pedagogue, a cur becurs'd:
" (Here JOHNSON growl'd, the croud in laughter
" burst.)
" Critics were snarls, in well-stor'd mangers sate,
" To eat unable, let not others eat:
" Each beastly lap-dog a Lord OVERSWALLOW,
" With each a German SCHWELLENBERG to fol-
" low. (1)
" My favourite was the spaniel,---on his worth
" My descant ran, mild, faithful, and so forth.
" Your grand-dam's was the mastiff, gen'rous beast,
" An open-hearted friend outweighing all the rest."
" Art thou, indeed, descendant of that dame,
" Whose worth I honor, and whose love is fame!

(1) Madam Schwellenberg, a great favourite of the Queen, and feeder of the dogs at court.

" Unite

" Unite our hearts, amalgamate our pow'rs,
" Brothers we have, high love shall make mine
" yours;
" A cross'd match let us form, I'll take, I'll give
" Friends, sisters, brothers, in rich bonds we'll
" live."

So saying, from her waist a shawl she drew,
(JOVE cleans'd her mind of every meaner view.
Thirty gold mohrs its price to INDIA's king,
Texture divine! it thrid the wedding ring,)
This to the nymph with noblest air she tost,
And took her sash which ten *rupees* had cost.

" Let's fly," quoth she, " this scene for scenes
" of ease,
" Enough our conquests here, then let them cease;
" In love's soft duels henceforth we'll engage,
" And end in friendship what began in rage.

So saying, arm in arm the nymphs retire,
And feats of joy exchang'd for feats of ire.

* * * * *

Now one by one hero and heroine stole,
Each like an hunted squirrel from his hole:
Each viewing each, commix'd with seeds of fear,
At length they laugh, and fresh begin the war.
Swore by their GODS they never knew affright,
And look'd! as never look'd the GOD of fight.
With double spirit now renews th' attack:
Light octaves rustle, and thick folios crack.

ABRIDGMENTS

ABRIDGMENTS (learning's spectres) mount,---a cloud,
And 'EXTRACTS ELEGANT,' a murder'd croud.
Where were ye gentle GODS whose antient pride,
Us'd o'er the realms of learning to preside.
APOLLO hight! with lucid golden hair:
CLIO, and all ye fam'd Parnassian fair:
Haply ye slept by AGANIPPE's stream;
Or in the DELPHIC wood, enjoy'd the dream.
Scarce, as of yore, disturb'd by vot'ries calls.
The NYMPH OF NOVEL lays ye by the walls.
A dusty SHAKESPEARE now began to roar,
With *****'s notes,---rich fund to feed the poor.
'Twas CYNTHIO's arm that rais'd the tempest dire,
Fiercer than ARIEL's atmosphere of fire:
Dismay ran trembling thro' the thickening host;
So stood MACBETH at BANQUO's bloody ghost:
So shook Sir HUGH, of CAIUS sore afraid:
So SLENDER at the lovely Windsor maid.
Some call'd on THEOBALD to avert thy force,
But more on ***** 's emasculating course.
OTWAY and ROWE, in buckram, rise in vain;
VOLTAIRE, and all DAN ARISTOTLE's train:
To the hard ground a large brigade was fell'd,
And half the fury of the fight was quell'd.
At COLLIÉS flies, in many an airy ring,
A folio, gilt and letter'd for the KING.

A sudden

A sudden coldness shot thro' every vein,
His loose teeth chatter'd with a freezing pain.
Pale grew his cheek, his eye all lustre lost;
He seem'd the victim of a ZEMBLA frost.
Unclasp'd on earth the velvet volume lies,
Fair verse from G*** strikes th' astonish'd eyes. (1)
Remote, the fiery God of war's renown,
(Count BERGAMOT to mortal vision known)
Rages resistless 'mong unequal foes;
Warm blushing maids, and lily-liver'd beaux.
Him VENUS sees, and by Mercurius' aid,
Her heart distends, she grows a warrior maid.
CARFAX her name, her limbs, large, massy, bold,
Cast in gigantic *amazonian* mould.

(1) Some critics of magnitude have conjectured that *Grub Street* is here meant, whilst others of great acumen and penetrative sagacity, assert that an antient scholastic body is the claimant. These darknesses give birth to much brilliancy of learned dissertation, and enquiry classical: how many thousands have been fed and cloath'd from disputes on even a single word, *green---one red,* or, *green one---red,* of Shakespear's text. In ages hence this passage also may be a charitable circumstance. Certain it is, that the geniuses formerly stationary in the first mentioned place, were extinct long before the æra of this poem. It is likewise to be recollected, that on the marriage of our most gracious KING, and the birth of 'SPEM GREGIS NOSTRI' many fine velvet bound folios of poems were presented, and honourably received at the British court, where *poetry* and all *'belles lettres'* are so well *understood* and *cherished,* but that any volume of that approof should produce the effects here described, is beyond even the *problematical,* and if true, must be the operation of some mischief-hatching DEMON so often infesting the literary world.

Like

Like STENTOR now she shouts, echo the walls;
And at each whirl some strenuous warrior falls.
" Stop thy career, oh valourous count," she cries,
" Or take thy meed, blame not the righteous
" skies."
To whom the God: " I know thee chief of yore,
" No mortal maid, but a celestial pow'r.
" PALLAS I ween, to MARS a constant foe,
" Tho' Fortune still befriends th' audacious
brow: (1)
" That Goddess never lets her soldier miss,
" Then whosoe'er thou art, take this, and this."
So saying, thrice with force immense he struck,
And thrice the Ægis brav'd him like a rock:
Enrag'd the Goddess, looking round---she spied,
An huge BUZAGLO stand, in massy pride:
Lightly she seiz'd what twenty might alarm,
Such strength knits up a great celestial's arm,
Hurl'd at the seeming count, now MARS confess'd,
He fell, and in his fall ten acres large he press'd. (2)
The Goddess, smiling, then unveils her face,
And shew'd him VENUS to enhance disgrace.
" 'Tis I," she cried, " 'tis I," and laugh'd aloud,
Then vanish'd in a bright ambrosial cloud.

(1) 'Audaces Fortuna juvat.'

(2) The critics have taken great offence at this dilatation of MARS. We own it to be full of the marvellous indeed, but after having examined every antient copy and record that mentions the circumstance, we cannot venture to abate a single iota of the passage.

Lame

Lame by the crush, but martyr'd at the view;
MARS swore, and vowing vengeance, vanish'd too.
Now JOVE, aloft, the Heav'nly scales suspends,
Forbids high pow'rs to act, for gracious ends:
Equal then press'd the battle's equal tides,
Now glory here prevails, and now subsides.
St. JOHN, by MALLET launch'd in vigour full,
Meets WARBURTON: behold the contest null.
Gay CHESTERFIELD, who poisons youthful hearts,
Laughs, while he yields to JOHNSON's nervous parts.
The sound of wasps came buzzing in the air;
'Twas POPE insiduous in a sly career.
Jealous of WORTLEY; high and lovely maid?
Wishing to wound; to do the deed afraid.
She smil'd to see the insect's busy wings, (1)
Her native honey sheath'd the poison'd stings.
But now an huge discharge from high was roll'd,
The new world's politics confound the old. (2)
Scares CASSIO's squadron from the close affray,
For bloody noses mark'd the conqueror's way.
Now see they fly, tumultuous, like the hosts
Of Autumn's leaves, wide rolling on the coasts:
Or as swift clouds across the Moon that flies;
ORION's dogs when mounting in the skies.

(1) Some copies read "bustling."
(2) Vide pamphlets, &c. on the American war.

This

This HYLAS, tender youth, beheld with tears,
He would have rush'd, but came an host of fears:
For nature still proportionate and kind,
Lent his slim form an equal slender mind.
By prudent PALLAS to a corner led;
Secure he meditates a mighty deed.
For there unheeded, lay a volume vast,
Which with his full-strain'd strength he sought to cast. (1)
Terrific tome! th' Italian stage affords
Choice caviar for all the House of Lords. (2)
Thrice he attacks it with a zeal unfeign'd,
And thrice the tome resists his lily hand.
When CHLOE, *Penthesilea* of the host,
Came like a tygress raging thro' the coast:
Sees the thin hero spending all his force:
"Avaunt," she cries, "this hand shall wing its "course,"
Then putting every mighty nerve, at last,
Stagg'ring, the tome high o'er her head she cast.
Thence with a crack and bound the tome departs,
The singing terror of an host of hearts.
Ah! CYNTHIO, ah! to thee it makes its way,
APOLLO kindly 'reft its pow'r to slay;

(1) "When AJAX strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
"The line should labour, and the words move slow."
Pope.

(2) And why omit the Commons, good poet? *Scriblerus.*

Much

Much yet remain'd, full heavy grow thine eyes;
Thou stretchedst, yawn'dst, thy wonted vigor flies.
Tired thy senses,---languid,---craving rest,---
Thy gapes---with more---than opium's force---
opprest.
Now to the right hand,---now to left thy bows,
As sleepy pines when the---soft south wind blows:
O'ercome at length by stupefaction deep,
Thou cross'dst thine arms---wide yawnd'st---and---
fell'st asleep.
VICTORIA now disturbs the cope of night,
CYNTHIO's sad fate gave period to the fight.
Each tongue a melancholy accent bears,
At length it reach'd much anxious EMMA's ears;
Where in a deep pavilion,---peace belov'd,
The nymph had with her virgin train remov'd.
Swift from her cheek the springing roses fled,
On her fair bosom sunk her drooping head.
Lax every limb, suspended every breath:
She look'd an Angel,---did they die the death.
So when etherial fires the lilies wound, (1)
Their silv'ry heads hang nerveless to the ground.
Or daffodils surcharg'd with hasty rain,
Bow their fresh cups, and kiss the verdant plain.

(1) Purpureus veluti cum Flos succisus aratro,
Languescit moriens: lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput pluvia cum forte gravantur.
Virgil.

Shrieks

Shrieks from the female throng to Heav'n were cast,
Life-staying scents were brought in tender haste;
Their lovely arms the dying nymph upstay,
Some stream'd in tears,---and some were heard to pray:
At length a sigh deep heav'd her snowy breast,
Her trembling lips returning life confest.
Round drops stood glist'ring in her crystal eyes,
Words follow'd, broken with deep groans and sighs.
" Oh CYNTHIO! dearest gift the Gods could give,
" For ever gone!!---ah! how shall EMMA live?
" To me the world a gloomy waste appears,
" Its winds are groans, and all its dews are tears;
" Guarded by him, who would not wish, to be
" Depriv'd,---Death comes no infelicity.
" Life hath no joys,---tho' joys it had before,
" And EMMA dies, now CYNTHIO is no more.----
" See! see! Heaven's gate stands open in yon Sky,
" There CYNTHIO moves, oh let me, let me fly.
" I come, I come, dear CYNTHIO, lend me wings,
" For thee I'd spurn the happiness of kings:
" For thee I'd die, if Death might thee restore,
" See EMMA dies, but CYNTHIO lives no more.
" Weep not, dear nymphs, your EMMA does not weep:
" What's death?---it is a much desired sleep.

" Soft in his arms, fatigued, I shall repose,
" One little sigh exempts me from its woes.
" Yet see he beckons from the friendly Sky:
" Doth EMMA stay, when CYNTHIO bids her fly?
" I come, my spouse, my soul's delight, I come,
" Withhold me not from happiness my doom."
She said: and moving, made essay to rise,
But in the effort, sunk, and clos'd her eyes.
Soon to the couch the lovely charge they bear,
With all the offices of tender care.
(So may the Gods your pious toils reward
With faithful youths, the nymphs securest guard.)
There to soft sleep, the beauteous maid consign,
Sleep came and soon embrac'd the form divine;
While female fairies watch'd the couch around,
And lull'd her senses with a silver sound.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

CANTO V.

THE beauteous Queen, whom CYPRUS isles obey,
In air sublime now trends her rapid way.
The silky reins within her snowy hand
Direct her doves, respondent to command.
Swift thro' the void they flap their silv'ry wings,
To HYMEN's blooming grots, and milky springs;
For now the Goddess pierc'd the book of fate,
There the true lovers were decreed to meet.
But how conciliate all?---she only knew,
Th' entangled skein was still in human view.

With gentlest plume the balmy air they fan:
Here vig'rous SPRING holds its eternal reign.
Groves, sweetly dark, fond lovers dear retreats,
And mossy caverns rise,---delicious seats!
Here every swain finds every pleasure move,
And every nymph a PROTEA is in love. (1)

(1) "Beauty by marriage never fades,
"Good-natur'd wives are always maids.
"Still some new joy springs in their arms:
"'PROTEAS' they in amorous charms.
"Their fetters flowers to chain the mind:
"Heart's ease, with pansies closely twin'd."
Vide Essay on Nuptial Felicity; 10*th Edition.*

No cold disgustful satiety is known.
For every virgin boasts th' enchanted ZONE.
At HYMEN's mossy cavern now they stand,
The Goddess springs upon the flow'ry strand,
Then deep within she bends her eager way,
Where the lov'd power on purple couches lay.
Around the dome were silken fetters hung,
With woodbines wreath'd, and pansies ever young.
Soft silky CISTUS decks the clust'ring bowers, (1)
Dawns the new day, dawn novel loves and flowers.
At his right hand were fed ne'er dying fires,
Fresh vigor thence, all warm with new desires.
GOOD NATURE there with dimpled cheek was seen,
And YOUTH, a rose, soft blushing, midst the green,
These with the GRACES beat in dance the ground,
And lead the SPRING in an eternal round.
Then she: " O THOU whom Gods and men re-
" vere:
" Whose power to mild reduces the severe:
" On savage souls throws humanizing chains,
" And leads fierce tigresses in flowery reins: (2)

(1) The cistus leiden, sheds its silky leaves at night, and a new set revive before morning.

(2) " Je ne dois pas, ma chere mère, vous cacher, que l' HYMEN de votre fille l'a aprivoisé d'une façon surprenante. Elle qui etoit tigresse avant ses noces est devenue tout ce que je pourrois souhaiter de tranquille, paisible, et tout a fait aimable. J'en loue les Dieux.

Vide Ep. de M. De F. a sa belle mere.

" Rise!

" Rise! instant, rise! and in thy tepid hand
" Lift the bright torch, and bear thy easy band.
" Hearts I have form'd, and now I seek thy aid, (1)
" Be quick, warm love but weakens if delay'd."
She said, and at her well-known voice he springs,
About his limbs the saffron robe he flings.
His taper snatching from the living flames,
He flashes round the soul-inspiring beams.
Then thus: " thy voice was still by me obey'd
" Ere HEAVEN, or EARTH, or OCEAN'S VAST
" were made:
" Ere PHŒBUS pour'd the streams of liquid light,
" Or STARS enrich'd the canopy of night:
" Thou reign'dst, pervading all the dark abodes,
" And I was call'd to form the bliss of Gods. (2)
" Wedded by me, all things their end produce,
" Yet nought arose but form'd a second use.
" Hence from the black uncomfortable waste,
" Creation smil'd with every glory bless'd.
" To JOVE above, was JUNO given to wife:
" There ceas'd all furious elemental strife.
" Green NEPTUNE with his silver THETIS grac'd,
" Glad rolls his tides and revels on her breast.

(1) By this manœuvre we see the craft of the Goddess. She had a double game in hand, first, to secure CASSIO quickly: she well knew the rest of the plan would follow spontaneously.—O the contrivance of women!
(2) See Hesiod's Theogony and Cosmogony.

" To bright APOLLO was young RHEA given,
" Thence earth's fair fields in beauty vie with
" Heaven.
" And MAN by me enjoys his earthy seat,
" Pair'd with his LOVE he feels his soul compleat.
" Lead then the way, and HYMEN will decree
" Good end to what, so well begins of thee."
He said: they hand in hand ascend the car,
The snowy coursers mount the void of air:
Midst hosts of Stars their steady course pursue;
The glittring earth roll'd beauteous in their view:
Her fields they see advance, and now retire,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal fire.
Soon on his disk their chariot was beheld, (1)
A jetty spot upon that lucid field:
Admiring

(1) *Transit of* VENUS.

This beautiful phœnomenon (once only seen before by astronomers, and that by Mr. HORROX, anno 1639) happened on the 6th of June, 1767, and again on the 3d of June, 1769.

Dr. HALLEY left instructions for the complete observation, and pointed out the various stations throughout the globe for that purpose.

One in the center of the great Pacific Ocean was directed. Captain COOKE, accompanied by Sir JOSEPH BANKS, Dr. SOLANDER, Mr. GREEN, and others, sailed for Otaheite, (lat. 17 S.) which island had been discovered by Captain WALLIS, and at Point Venus the observatory was set up, and the total transit seen to the fullest content. This island, from the beauty and very amorous disposition of the women, got such reputation as not only to intoxicate the visitors from Great Britain, but from all Europe, and its fame for gallantry became established beyond that recorded of the Island of Cythera.

Admiring sages trace th' unfounded road,
And hail with joy th' appearance of the God.
Meanwhile the boy who wields the poison'd dart,
Gay paints the fancy, but deludes the heart.
VENUS' brisk son, whom on the IDALIAN shore,
To youthful BACCHUS the young Goddess bore,
Puts on his wings,---the mother plann'd the deed,
And flits unseen to HELENA with speed.
The nymph had charms which in an higher state,
Might like her mistress, strike an awful heat.
Not LENNOX' form, so worth a monarch's care, (1)
Or RUSSELL'S, own'd a leader of the FAIR.
Not DEVON'S duchess shews so sweet a face,
Or GRANBY, loveliest of the lovely race!
Roses and lilies in her cheek unite,
Her bright black eye shot round pernicious light.
Gentle her voice, like ZEPHIR in the trees,
Faultless her figure, slender by degrees.
Close at her ear the subtle urchin smiles,
And taints her sleeps with all insiduous wiles.

thera, or the beautiful Gardens of Daphné. The following epigram or inscription, was produced on the occasion.

INSCRIPTIO, *ceu* EPIGRAMMA *in proditionem insulæ dict.* OTAHEITE *repleta* MERETRICIBUS PULCHERIMIS.

" In Mare Pacificum VENEREM in SOLEM videre
" Nos delegant ASTRONOMI---cultores DEÆ inclytæ.
" Profundum exploravimus: petivimus orbisque fines:
" Benignam invenimus stellam, DEAM et IPSAM."

(1) Vide L'historiette de la belle Zara et le Roi G.

" Foe to thyself," he said, or seem'd to say,---
" HELEN, see time slips unimprov'd away.
" Oh think within thee what an host of charms,
" Love's richest treasures live within thy arms.
" Look round, behold how many youthful eyes
" Proclaim thy beauty, and would be thy prize.
" Nor CASSIO least, oh think if he were thine,
" How bright a BELLE young HELENA might
" shine."
" True," cries the nymph, " but how that bliss
" obtain?
" My means, alas! are as my wishes, vain."
The pow'r returns: " thy beauty's force shall move,
" I'll go before, and mad his soul with love."
" Enough, enough," the blooming virgin cries,
And novel splendors sparkle in her eyes.
So when bright JOVE amid the dead of night,
Bursts from a cloud, and sheds his gorgeous light,
The fields obscure, rejoice to see the star,
And every flood reflects his golden hair.
'Twas then, tho' seen but by the MUSE's eye,
Bright meteors trail'd their glories down the Sky:
Meteors to all, but to the MUSE was known,
Warm from her bosom, VENUS' magic zone.
In this were all the charms the Grecian sung, (1)
To inflame the prudent, and make mad the young.

(1) Homer, Rhapsody Ξ, v. 215, &c.
" Ibi inerat amor, desiderium, colloquium, blandiloquentia
" quæ decipit mentem valde prudentem.

Bright

Bright beauty, gentle love, and warm desires,
Soft words, and amorous smiles, and wanton fires.
Kind sidelong glances taught sans art to roll,
Enchanting sighs, and looks that win the soul.
With this array'd the fresh-cheek'd hand-maid moves,
A smiling Goddess circled by the LOVES.

Soon as the youth beheld the sparkling dame,
His active spirit caught unusual flame.
In rapture then, " O HELEN," he exclaims,
" Till now I've follow'd beauty's meaner beams:
" Not fair hair'd PHILLIS can with thee com-
" pare; (1)
" Not black-ey'd SUSAN, spouse of JOB, of CLARE.
" Not young MAHON, or PHŒBE's matchless grace,
" LAURA's fine figure, SYLVIA's roguish face:
" Tho' these, and twenty more my soul have won,
" 'Tis thee, my HELEN, I elect my own.

(1) Homer, Rhapsody Ξ.
" Non enim unquam mihi sit amor Deæ nec mulieris
" Animum pectoribus circumfusus domuit.
" Neque quando captus fui amore Ixioniæ uxoris, &c.

This speech of CASSIO, the learned reader will see is in part parodied from the famous and most extraordinary speech of JUPITER to JUNO, previous to their amorous interview in the shady groves of Mount Ida. HOMER's friends in all ages have been put to great difficulties to defend him from the severe charge of impiety: to me it appears clear, that the world is under a great mistake, in supposing that HOMER's *mythology* was the *theology* of the Greeks. That nation was too wise, and too sensible to make such absurdities matters of religious belief, they may indeed be good matters of poesy,—but no more. P.

" In thee I see united all their charms;
" In thee my fair, and center in thy arms.
" Ah! plant me there, kind fates! and EMMA's
" name
" No more shall warm my breast with amorous
" flame.
" Fairer art thou,---'fore all the Gods I swear,
" The heart that wins thee shall for ever wear,
" Conjoin'd by love's unponderable chains,
" The partner of my pleasures and my pains."
Her hand he seiz'd, and call'd the pow'rs on high,
In oaths, and trooper's vows, (undrain'd supply);
She trembled, blush'd, yet cast an amorous eye.
Then veil'd the Sun behind a cloud his face,
And a warm blush was felt through all the place. (1)
In pairs the turtles wing the lonely grove,
And hill and valley sung the song of love.
CUPID supreme with joy malignant smil'd,
And VENUS laughed outright, and kiss'd her child. (2)
But fears the heart of CYNTHIO yet opprest;
The spectre 'WEALTH' deprives him of his rest.
Already lost he sees her heavenly charms,
His dreams present her in his rival's arms.

(1) ———Erubuit conscius æther
Connubiis. *Virgil.*
(2) Dolis risit Cytherea repertis. *Virgil.*

Now

Now in despair he raves, upbraids his stars:
Now sullen sits and pours the flood of tears!
VENUS perceives him, and in pity bends,
From Heaven's proud height the pow'r of love descends:
Swift she inspires ANTONIO's friendly soul,
To rouse her youth and teach his hopes to roll.
Chearful and gay ANTONIO still appears,
His voice was still a trumpet in his ears.
" CYNTHIO!" he cries, "say---where is all thy
" boast,
" Is passion vanish'd, and all valour lost?
" Late I esteem'd thee worthy of the fair,
" To see thee now turns all my thoughts to air.
" Was ever beauty without battle won?
" 'Tis courage, Sir, deserves the fair alone.
" Gods! to behold thee in this abject state
" Is e'en enough to turn the tide of fate.
" Forbid it Heavens!---your EMMA this should see,
" Her virgin hand would never yield to thee.
" To CASSIO's arms in prudence she removes,
" Since CYNTHIO dares not claim the nymph he
" loves.
" Virgins, by nature tim'rous, look to find
" In man a dauntless, a defensive mind.
" Then rouse, advance, 'tis love, 'tis honor calls,
" Who falls for such, with fame, with glory falls.
" Did PARIS win the Spartan without toil?
" Or ÆSON's son the Asiatic spoil?

" Ten thousand eyes desire Hesperian gold,
" But he who gains must rapid be, and bold.
" Rouse ere too late, before her hand be given,
" And think she is thy own elect of Heaven.
" The conscious blush, the smile, th' unwary sigh,
" The partial speech, and soul-revealing eye,
" Convince my mind and every doubt remove,
" That CYNTHIO is the idol of her love.
" Fear not, tho' round her numerous striplings flow,
" And cease to view in every one a foe.
" Love is the tribute all must pay the fair,
" And BEAUTIES are our universal care!
" Yet trust me, Sir, tho' EMMA's gay and free,
" Her heart is thine, and pines e'en now for thee."
Thus spake the youth, and hopes in CYNTHIO rise;
Reflection brings his EMMA 'fore his eyes,
Her smile, her blush, re-animate his thought,
Terrors swift fly, and rivals melt to nought:
His, alone his, this not reluctant FAIR;
His by love's forms, or all o'erpowering war.
Say MUSE, (alas! how weak is man's estate
Without your aid t' unravel mystic fate,)
O say, what means, or fate, or war, or art,
Won to his arms the mistress of his heart.
FAME, whose vast trump tries all sublunar things,
Wafts lies and truths of beggars as of kings,
Had rais'd its voice, at first in murmurs low,
But now began in loftier gales to blow.

CASSIO

CASSIO was nam'd, and HELEN's conquering charms;
DIANA this, and that the GOD OF ARMS.
As in the lake the dancing circles roll,
Long ere they strike the borders of the pool,
So rumour flew thro' all the province known,
And reach'd at last the cot of CORYDON.
Remote from cities liv'd this honest swain,
From daily toil he reap'd an humble gain,
His thoughts wide straying flocks and meadows share,
He thank'd his Gods for blessings all the year.
The old respect, the young assist his toil,
His massy staff supports him o'er the soil.
White were his locks, experience fills his head:
Confess'd by all the prophet of the mead.
But ah! what earthly bliss can long remain
Exempted from the family of pain!
That bliss so rich, so settled, so ador'd,
Priz'd of the PEASANT, honour'd of the LORD,
Now changes face, love's indiscretion known,
Sorrow bursts out, and groan succeeds to groan.
" Poor fool!" he cries, " ah! what---a sire's
" behest?
" Go, shun as HELL that SINK, the wise detest.
" Ruin to all, but most to female youth,
" The friendless virtue, and ingenuous truth.
" There---every villany and vice delight,
" Deceit, the COURTIER, P----l----e hypocrite.

" The

" The surplic'd CHEAT to sumptuous churches
" runs,
" Insult to heaven, to virtue, and her sons.
" Whilst ancient honesty to woods retires,
" And rustic altars blaze with holy fires.
" Ah would to God from hence thou hadst not
" stray'd,
" And what the lure? vain dress, and vain parade.
" Here hadst thou pass'd with innocence thy life,
" An unstain'd virgin or a virtuous wife;
" Pride of the village, honor of my name,
" My daily comfort, and my nightly dream."
He said: deep sobs prevented more to say,
He rends his locks all venerably grey.
The pitying swains afford the kind relief
Of silent tears, and sympathising grief.
JOVE all beheld, for such his cares engage,
And darts new spirits in the injur'd sage.
In awful dignity he soon appears
The dignity of hoary age in tears.
Could hearts of stone refuse mild sorrow's flow?
Nor melt at such a spectacle of woe?
" Ah! ruthless," thus he broke, " thou hast
" undone,
" The peace of mind of ancient CORYDON.
" Full threescore years my honor walks unstain'd,
" My name tho' poor was honor'd thro' the land:
" Till

" Till thou, thrice cursed pest, work'dst this dis-
" grace,
" A death to me, and ruin to my race.
" Yet know, tho' CORYDON's infirm and old,
" Excited thus, he's young again and bold.
" This trembling hand can yet a weapon wield,
" And calls thee, VILLAIN, out into the field.
" My honor, and my HELEN's shall be clear'd,
" Let us not live, or let us live rever'd.
" Curse on thy wealth, thy rank, thy name, thy all,
" Such wounds not tamely, from a monarch fall:
" Thy blood shall all our dire disgrace remove,
" Or thy hand sanction what thou won'st by love."
He said: and strength'ning every nerve with
rage,
His massy staff grew light to arm of age;
Rous'd, see the warrior youth in fervour dress'd,
And half he drew his blade, and half repress'd.
And now strange war had 'gan alarm the shore,
The strength of youth against the head of hoar;
When high in air th' astonish'd crouds behold,
The Gods descending in bright clouds of gold.
THRASONIC MARS stole off in th' obscur'd light,
To CASPIAN shores now trends his rapid flight.
VENUS, dear Goddess, in full beauty shone, (1)
With HELEN, Queen of LOVE's refulgent zone;

(1) We now see why VENUS so much hastened HYMEN.
Euge Diva omnipotensis! *Scriblerus.*

The

The SMILES and GRACES round the Goddess throng,
Gay youths, and lively virgins float along:
Whilst great in pride the nuptial GODS drew near,
With hallow'd torch high blazing in the air.
The GODDESS then: "Sheath, sheath, that
"murderous blade.
"The Gods command, and Gods shall be obey'd.
"Planets supreme direct and steer the whole; (1)
"High conscious planets arbitrate the soul:
"Receive this GEM by favouring synods given,
"Approach, appreciate what's approv'd by Hea-
"ven.
"Charms yet unmatch'd are thine in HYMEN'S
"chain,
"Enjoy what thousands have desir'd in vain."
She said: soft symphonies melodious rose,
And a short thunder ratified the vows.
To every hill the happy augury spread,
And every bow'r thrice wav'd its leafy head.
The pow'rs divine, consenting, fill the place:
High HONOR'S son immortal wreaths embrace.
Shed rose, shed pansy through the blest abodes,
Such incense grateful rises to the Gods.
The mysteries of the saffron robe they greet;
Soft wishes, chaste desires, and kisses sweet.
Entrancing touch,---th' involuntary tear,
Unfetter'd licence,---love for ever dear.

(1) Sidera effectus rerum omnium aut notant, aut movent. *Vide Stoic Philosophy.*

Deep

Deep sighs, and heartfelt sobs, of rapturous breaths,
Passion's fierce clasps, and friendship's living deaths.
These and ten-thousand silent comforts flow,
Adulterous lust ne'er knew, or e'er shall know.
Then join'd all nature's love---inspired hour;
Each feather'd warbler sought the nuptial bow'r.
Bright roses without thorn spontaneous bloom:
Young FLORA's train shed every rich perfume.
While Lydian airs each warm pulsation move, (1)
And raise the high felicity of love.

Say, MUSE, how graceful smil'd love's happy maid,
Conscious of worth, in honest joys array'd,
Her beauty rising from an heart at ease,
LOVE's happy reign, and boundless wish to please.
Illumin'd high by his superior rays, (2)
The pride of worlds, and CASSIO's endless praise.

'Tis thus emerging from the shades of earth,
Obstruction base, to conscious pride of worth;
Bright LUNA rises on the sable night,
And spreads abroad a flood of silver light.

The bounteous fates by CORYDON were blest:
His flocks and fields afford their wonted rest.
Once more his HELEN is his heart's delight,
His daily comfort and his dream by night:

(1) Vide Homer, Rhapsody Ξ.
(2) "A wife shines by the rays of the husband."
Blackstone.

He

He creeps in hoary age content along,
Bless'd by the aged---honour'd by the young;
Calmly expectant of the mortal call,
Secure to rise, the moment of his fall.
The friendly swains now to the cot repair,
Curious:---the end and means they seek with care.
To JOVE---high source of all---their vows aspire:
To view the massy staff they all require;
The massy staff in vain the crouds explore;
The massy staff on earth was found no more.
In ether high it mounts,---'twas JOVE's command (1)
Grasp'd there for ever in ORION's hand,
Shines high portentous in its splendor full,
In act to strike the brindled-headed bull.
Fierce streams its radiance in exalted air;
"The terror of the traitors of the fair." (2)
Whilst to its native stars---the poet saw
BEAUTY's bright zone in meteor pomp withdraw.
Meanwhile this truth pervades CHRYSETTO's soul,
'That gentlest brooks resist the proud controul.'
Left free they grace the flow'r enamell'd field,
And brightest pleasure, softest music yield.

(1) This apotheosis completeth all.
'Cedite Graii, Cedite Romani Scriptores.' *Scribicrus.*
(2) Cœlum restat 'timeo simulucra Deorum.' *Ovid.*

Smooth

Smooth are the riplings which unfetter'd move,
But fierce the billows of restrained love.
And now the secret blast of CASSIO's fame
Reaches his ear, and lovely HELEN's name:
CYNTHIO high rises in his heart's embrace,
United---EMMA's love and CYNTHIO's grace:
Strong rhetoricians they, and now beguile,
Painting the picture in a pleasant style.
His prospects clear, he sees by WISDOM's beam
That love, not wealth, secures the bliss supreme:
He sees in CYNTHIO every manly charm
To win the wisest, and the oldest warm.
His virtue's worth hears every tongue proclaim:
Nor small from noble birth he sees his claim. (1)
Could he resist decrees divinely given,
Union of hearts, united long of Heaven?
Form'd each for each to spread the fair renown,
And hand his honours to an age unknown.
Could he resist? the Gods are not denied;
The Sun soon saw the virgin in the bride:
Smil'd VENUS by a mother's rapture mov'd,
United now the youth and maid she lov'd.
Skies shed their riches, æreal notes delight,
And JOVE's own thunder sanctioned all the rite.

(1) Il avoit de la Naiſſance, ce qui pese fortenent avec les gens comme il faut: quoiqu'il paroit que ses Aieux avoient mal reussis dans les guerres civiles et nationales.
Vide the Preamble of the Patent of Hypolitus E. of * * *

Th*

Th' attendant pow'rs the mystic vow approve,
And hymeneals op'd the gate of Love.
The Fairy Elves, with field dews round repair,
To bless the bride-bed in its future heir.
Long thro' the dome the merry hosts rejoice,
Straining their ditties in no mortal voice.

* * * * *

Our Little Bark here strikes her swelling sails,
Long fill'd with various as with favouring gales:
Moors safe athwart the temple of fair Fame,
There consecrates for ever Emma's name.

The following PORTRAITS *belong to the Catalogue of* WORTHIES.

AT QUEEN's seven years, gives BUBUS passport sure,
At ball----at play----BEAU---CRITIC---CONNOISSEUR.
Yet what his grounds to mount the lofty chair?---
Silence profound---and thousands eight per year.
Silence does wonders!---fame by silence flies:
" Varnishes fools, and cheats th' unwary wise. (1)
Silent---he seems to think---to judge, to note:
The timid dread---the bolder stop---in doubt.
By nods, or shrugs, he blasts or raises names,
Stamps all---or books---or pictures---knights or dames.
If forc'd to speak---from common place he whines,
" THUS TULLY HAS IT---BOSSU THUS DEFINES."
In picture too---NAMES is his utmost stretch:
" TITIAN---CORREGGIO---KEEPING---FINISH'D " SKETCH."----

(1) Pope's Ode to Silence.

Or

Or " COLD" or " WARM"---THE MASTER THERE
" IS SEEN"---
" PHIDIAS or RAPHAEL, LULLI or POUSSIN. (1)
" With half the world he seems a MAN OF MUSE,
" Unmask----all INDEX LEARNING, and RE-
" VIEWS."
HONORIA next---thrice happy maid! appears
'IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS'---scarce mark'd of
years.
Nor last, nor least 'mong beauties is her boast,
Of EVESHAM's vale she reigns the lively toast.
Fair fortune in an amplitude of farms
Gave the new gloss to amplitude of charms.
What hosts of hungry lovers, young and old,
Priests, soldiers, drawn by sacred thirst of gold: (2)
And broken lords---*right honourable* band, (3)
With fly-blown titles---stinking thro' the land.
Manorial rent-rolls, vile attornies move:
The HIGH CULTUR'D MIND escapes these loons
of love.
With honest scorn she saw their sordid ends:
In high contempt she chac'd the LUBBER FIENDS.

(1) This great connoisseur has often blundered the names of statuaries with those of painters and musicians.
(2) Auri sacra fames.
(3) " So are they all---all honourable men."
Shakesp. Julius Cæsar.

With

Happy and free she lives,---by all ador'd,
Unknown the fetters of a wedded lord.
Empress o'er all, she floats sublime along,
Priz'd by the bard, the honour of his song.

HORACE

MODERNISED.

AD

ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

HORACE LIB. I. EPIST. 10.

URBIS amatorem Fuscum, salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores: hac in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles, at cetera pene gemelli.
Fraternis animis: quidquid negat alter, et alter.
Annuimus paritur: vetuli notique Columbi,
Tu nidum servas;

Ego

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, Esq.

BLACKSTONE! whilst you soar high in fields of fame,
And from amusements fix a deathless name;
Well tun'd thy voice, th' embellishment of sense,
Learn'd, not obtrusive, wise without pretence,
Stop thy delightful course, awhile attend
These artless numbers of an artless friend.
If rural joys abstract me from mankind:
If town delights seduce your easy mind:
Say, shall I censure you for want of taste?
Nor you retort! a drawn game 'tis at best.---
In points like these we ever shall dissent,
Concurring else in every sentiment.
Twins in opinion---brothers in our love,
What you applaud I fervently approve.

Ego laudo ruris amœni,
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris! vivo et regno simul ista reliqui.

Quæ

Second your motions, praise all you compose,
Attack in verse, or briskly charge in prose.
But when the de'el is in you, you prefer,
To country breathings, turbid Westminster;
I fret, and swear by all the rural Gods,
Heaven never made two souls so much at odds.
Oh happy fields---clear streams, and shady groves!
And happier he who sees you, and who loves.
Come with thy criticising eye, explore
My life---but first survey my rustic bow'r.
Like SYLVANUS, or PAN'S green lodge is mine;
Poets you know romantic things design:
With meads and woods my landscape gardenings glow,
To softest measures limpid waters flow.
See MAY'S fine month hangs out her clust'ring flow'rs,
And merry blackbirds tune my chesnut bowers.
With ear of connoisseur I sit, and note,
The scale of merit of each feather'd throat.
My grot's the seat of sweet'st repose, confest:
There sound divines and statesmen sometimes rest:
There gentlest poppy forms the calmy bed
And turns to sleep, or poetry the head:
And friendship's tree, the vine, affords her pleasing shade.

Quæ vos ad cœlum fertis rumore secundo.
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso;
Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.

Vivere

MILDMAY oft sits delighted, and regales (1)
Tongue-conquer'd OGLETHORPE with endless tales. (2)
DINGLEIUS reverend from his hoary hair: (3)
There bounds in gallic spirit debonair:
Whilst CLARA deigns with SYLVIA to prolong
Soft evening's shade with music and a song.
In humble pride my stuccoed cot aspires:
No winters vex me, and no summer tires:
Yon north-east rising turns sharp blasts away:
And these green fences the solstitial ray.
Favonian breezes I admit, and breathe
The sweets they gather from the thymy heath.
Nor yet obtrusive to the public view,
A darksome glade's the pleasing avenue.
Emerging thence---opens the smooth shorn green,
There clad in virgin white my box is seen.
Low in its beauty---comfort's calm retreat,
Nor fears the thunder that assails the great.
'Tis true no marble statues grace my cell:
Parisian plaster yet may do as well.
No TITIAN tints are mine, no gaudy Van: (4)
Yet sketch from nature decently I can.

(1) The Honorable F. Mildmay, E. Fitzwalter.
(2) General Oglethorpe, settler of Florida, &c. a great talker but out-talked by his friend M.
(3) R. Dingley, Esq. of Kent.
(4) This is not quite true, the author having many fine originals.

Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet.
Ponendæ que domo querenda est area primum :
Novistine locum potiorem rure beato ?
Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura

Leniat

Let pompous libraries grace Lord VACUUM's seat,
Four full recesses hold my mental treat.
If I compose, the native spring of brains,
Flows thro' my quill, and furnishes the strains.
Not but from books some charming hints accrue:
I still detest the servile thieving crew. (1)
HANDELL's rich treasures my domain affords,
CLARA's fine taste gives beauty to the chords.
At length calm night draws on her dusky deep
And summons nature to the caves of sleep,
Happy beyond an eastern monarch, I---
In beauty's arms the sweets of life enjoy.
Let hapless batchelors cold pallats press:
POPE prates---POPE never tasted happiness.
But morn awakes---gay larks attune the Skies;
Sports then leap up---but not a blackbird dies.
I range my shrubs, and tend the rising flow'rs,
Exclude hot Suns---admit the genial showers:
Marry my tendrils to the husband oak:
And summons apples from a barren stock.
With what delights the deepning shades I see,
And curse the ax that fells a beauteous tree.
How pleas'd to hear my BIJOU in the grove (2)
Announce the friend whom from my heart I love.

(1) Imitatores odi—servum pecus.
Mons. Boileau dit, qu'il est permis par l'exemple des anciens d'allumer son cierge à le flamme d'autrui, mais non pas de leur voler le flambeau.
(2) Favorite spanish parlour dog of the author's.

Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,
Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?
Est ubi depellat somnos minus invida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur silva Columnas;
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.

Naturam

Your narrow streets but little suit my turn:
Carts, coaches, coxcombs, painted toasts I spurn.
Poets---a peaceful tribe! retirement love:
AUGUSTA's walls hold no Athenian grove.
Who can like DESCAZEAUX abstracted range, (1)
And find a LEASOWES on the buzzing 'Change?'
Yet self-denial is the greatest praise,
T' himself no mortal lives---so PAULUS says. (2)
Thus to please CLAR I quit my rural cell,
Four months in twelve in fashion's smoke to dwell.
There take a part, tho' from my soul I hate,
Routs---hurricanes---and seem to like the state.
Join the gay croud where num'rous tapers glow: (3)
And tho' no courtier, make at court my bow.
Nay, sometimes haunt the motley masquerade;
Fair VENUS grows divine---in nightly shade.
Constant at operas, a taste to boast:
And get a name by flirting with a toast.
Yet on full tide of fashion borne along;
I sigh,---great Gods! oh snatch me from this throng.
Waft me ye pow'rs to air and rural glee!
You Mar-le-bon has not one charm for me.

(1) Le Chevalier Descazeaux, a poor French knight, an Insane, well known at the Bedford and other coffee houses as a poet, singular in dress and address.
(2) For no man liveth to himself. *Cor.* 2. 10. 11.
(3) True picture of Fashionable town life.

Naturam expellas furcâ: tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.

Non,

Hark! o'er Scotch granite cracks the chariot gay:
Are these your downs, I cry; and verdant way?
Are waters forc'd up leaden tubes to creep
Pure as the rill that murmurs down the steep?
Why are trees brought to town for smoke to kill?
Why houses priz'd that squint on PRIMROSE hill?
Nature is Nature---all invention rack---
To drive her out, you'll find her stealing back.
O Nature! gentle Goddess! still's the cry---
Health, best of blessings, haunts your purest Sky.
And will you, man of deepest thought! resist!
And in your popularity persist?
I hate your adage which you preach and praise---
"Bliss is not local---'tis the mind that sways."
My heart and actions strangely disagree,
I plead---and humble at hypocrisy.
More honest you---like gold you stand the test,
And uniformly never change your nest.
You deem the finest prospect your dark hall; (1)
There---bless my Gods! I never had a call.
From my full soul pity the wretched cit,
Whose fate hangs trembling on a council's wit.
I fly the scene with full as quick a pace
As if sharp cholics pinch'd me with disgrace.
To grottoes fly---to overhanging rocks,
To brooks, soft murmuring, and to shady oaks.

(1) Westminster hall.

There

Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,
Certius accepit damnum, propiusve medullis,
Quam qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.
Quam res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones
Invitus; fuge magna: licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitâ precurrere amicos.

Cervus

There I respire and grow again a king:
New preen my wings, and like a beggar, sing.
Like plain JOHN BULL, escap'd the sieur Deschoux,
Prize my down mutton far beyond ragous.
  Yield then---let BROWN present some pleasant
    dream, (1)
Your castle's site---this wood---or yonder stream.
Perhaps some hints---my groves---my---ha, you
    laugh!
Prospects!---dear friend---from prospects you lie
    safe.
Give me high RICHMOND's scope: is that the ill!
Sir ROBERT summons---he'll soon top the hill: (2)
Sir ROBERT, the Sky-scraping mass shall rear:
Sir ROBERT's cots, are castles in the air.
  Of knowledges the first and best in sooth
Is to distinguish error from the truth.
To know what will, and what will never last:
And shun new blunders, steering by the past.
The man who basks in any courtly Sun
Must tremble when a scouling cloud comes on.
And he who soars with ICARUS may rue,
Pangs strange to him who makes his little do.
To live in bounds, is never to be poor:
No wolf e'er howls at any wise man's door.

(1) Famous capability Brown, planner of grounds, &c.
(2) Sir Robert Taylor, architect.

And

Cervus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
Pellebat: donec minor in certamine longo
Imploraverit opes hominis, frenumque recepit.
Sed postquam victor victo discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
Sic qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret; dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet: si minor, uret.

Lætus

And oft in cabins mild contentment springs,
Unknown to kings---or parasites of kings.
Once on a time (I think 'tis Æsop's brood,
It matters not, the fable's full as good.)
The stag superior tyrannis'd the field,
The horse from contests vain, was forc'd to yield.
He flies to man, implores his sovereign sway,
Receives his curb, and drives the foe away.
Thanks his assistance, asks his freedom past.
The De'el a bit, the man was up, and fast.
Thus the unbalanc'd mind lets life slip by,
Ridden by bugbears of pale poverty.
Whilst he who knows purse-tactics knows no fears:
Is happy careful---thence no slave to care.
A mind at ease is luxury indeed:
Yet soundest Zenos many littles need.
A snug estate, my friend, has many a charm:
'Tis a surtout well lin'd with ermine warm.
Whilst a strait fortune, like a pinching shoe,
May force a saint to swear---as I---or you.
If like the miller you your lot possess, (1)
" Would be no greater---and defy being less,"
You hold the summit of true wisdom's craving,
The " *ne plus ultra*" e'en of Heaven's own having.
Wealth like or fire or flood's a charming slave,
But once our master---better in one's grave.

(1) Vide Song of the Miller of Mansfield.

Some

Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi!
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique;
Tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.

Some starve thro' dread of starving, midst a store:
Your friend---if ever seen with face of H * * *
Rise, spare him not, it is a friendly part:
Ply him with maxims, reason melts his heart.
Maxims are wondrous things, could we like
PAUL (1)
Practise content whatever lot befal:
But spite of all your philosophic pill,
The spectre "WANT" will rise do all you will.

(1) I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content. *Epistle to Timothy.*

ARIADNE

TO

THESEUS.

ARIADNE THESEO.

OVID.

MITIUS inveni, quam te, genus omne ferarum
Credita non ulli, quam tibi, pejus eram.
Quæ legis, ex illo, THESEU, tibi litore mitto.
Unde tuam sine me vela tulere ratem
In quo me somnusque meus male prodidit, et tu
Per facinus somnis insidiate meis.

Tempus

ARIADNE

TO

THESEUS.

SAY, ruthless youth, in whom my faith is vain,
Shall savage beasts in fierceness yield to man?
Expos'd on this inhospitable coast,
Is the sad writer to be ever lost?
Say, must she here for ever, ever mourn?
LOVE's wretched maid deserted and forlorn?
On barren rocks,---outcast of worlds be thrown,
To live in terrors and to die unknown?
To thee I call, tho' cross the fluctuous way:
O may some friendly gale my sighs convey!
THESEUS I call---plough back the briny main:
Youth ever lovely---ah belov'd in vain!
Left is thy Love, with hungry wolves to dwell:
Was it a fault, ye Gods, to love too well?
Secure in sleep---in happy dreams I laid,
Warm in thy warmth---nor thought my THESEUS fled.

Dear

Tempus erat; vitrea quo primum terra pruina
Spargitur et tectæ fronde queruntur aves.
Incertum vigilans, à somno languida, movi
THESEA prensuras semisupina manus.
Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,
Perque torum moveo brachea: nullus erat.
Excussere metus somnum conterrita surgo:
Membraque sunt viduo præcipitata toro.
Protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis:
Usque erat à somno turbida, rapta coma est
Luna fuit: specto si quid, nisi littora, cernam.
Quod videant oculi, nil nisi littus, habent.
Nunc hunc, nunc illuc, et utroque sine ordine curro:
Alta puellares tardat arena pedes.
Interea toto clamant litore, THESEU,
Reddebat nomen concava saxa tuum.
Et quoties ego te, toties locus ipse vocabat.
Ipse locus miseræ ferre volebat opem.

Dear scenes of love my slumbers e'er employ;
THESEUS protecting---all within was joy.
Deceitful visions! curs'd insidious sleep!
You lull'd my sense, whilst THESEUS sought the deep.
Subtly he fled, whilst all entranc'd I lay:
PHEBUS, my foe, restrain'd the rising day.
No chearful linnet wak'd the leafless wood:
Hoar frosts, and waning Moons mark'd out the road.
You sought the deep, you spread the trait'rous sails:
Trait'rous alike then blew the fresh'ning gales.
From sleep, half waking, round my arms I mov'd
T' embrace my lord who late so fondly lov'd;
I found thee gone---what horrors did I prove
To find my bed untreasur'd of my love!
In fright I rise, sleep instant fled away;
Swift from the widow'd couch I make my way.
With wringing hands my heaving breast I wound,
I rend my tresses, and I stamp the ground.
Then far in ocean, by the Moon's pale light,
I strain my eyes to ascertain thy flight.
Fruitless research! the bright reflex I see,
And silver'd rocks in dead tranquillity:
Distress'd---distract---I run now here---now there,
Thro' the deep sands all frantic in despair:
THESEUS, thro' all the sounding shore I cried:
THESEUS, the rocks and hollow shores replied.

Mons fuit: apparent frutices in vertice rari
Hinc scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.
Adscendo: (vires animus dabat): atque ita late
Æquora prospectu metior alta meo.
Inde ego (nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa)
Vidi præcipti carbasa tenta noto.
Aut vidi: aut etiam, cum me vidisse putarem,
Frigidior glacie semi animisque fui.
Nec languere diu patitur dolor: excitor illo,
Excitor; et summa THESEA voce voco.
Quo fugis? exclamo: scelerate revertere THESEU.
Flecte ratem: numerum non habet illa suum.
Hæc ego: quod voci deerat, plangore replebam.
Verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.
Si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses.
Jactatæ late signa dedere manus.
Candidaque imposui longæ velamina virgæ,
Scilicet oblitos admonitura mei.
Jamque oculis ereptus eras: tum denique flevi.
Torpuerant molles ante dolere genæ.
Quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina flerent.
Postquam desierant vela videre tua?
Aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,
Qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha Deo:

Aut

At every plaint the lonely wild complains,
Mov'd at my griefs and conscious of my pains.
An hill was near, with shaggy summit green,
Whose giddy brow survey'd the roaring main;
Thither I fly with spirits wild supplied,
And measure with my eye the rolling tide.
Far off---far off I saw thy well known sails,
Thro' the dim light, and fill'd with swelling gales:
I saw---I hop'd that I by thee were seen,
Yet e'en in hope despair froze every vein.
Like a pale ghost I stood---but stood not long:
Grief rais'd my voice---grief mov'd my trembling tongue.
Loud as I could: "ah whither youth," I cried,
"THESEUS return,---ah plow again the tide:
"Turn, turn thy ship, nor leave behind thy "bride."
I could no more---but beat my throbbing breast:
Groans, sobs and sighs the residue express'd.
Often I wav'd my wretched hands in air,
Thou might'st have seen---if thou hadst fail'd to hear.
White signals too I hoisted in the wind,
All, all essay'd, but harden'd was thy mind.
Soon thou wast lost, then tears began to flow,
Till then suspended by the weight of woe.
What better task could eyes perform than weep,
Since now no more they view'd thee on the deep.

Aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi:
Quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.
Sæpe torum repeto, qui nos acceperat ambos;
Sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat.
Et tua, qua possum, pro te, vestigia tango.
Strataque, quæ membris intepuere tuis:
Incumbo, lacrimisque toro manante profusis,
Pressimus, exclamo, te duo: redde duos.
Venimus huc ambo; cur non discedimus ambo?
Perfide, pars nostri, lectule, major ubi est?
Quid faciam? quo sola ferar? vacat insula cultu.
Non hominum video, non ego facta boüm.
Omne latus terræ cingit mare: navita nusquam:
Nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.
Finge dari comitesque mihi, ventosque, ratemque;
Quid sequar? accessus terra paterna negat.
Ut rate felici pacata per æquora labar:
Temperet ut ventos Æolus, exul ero.

Now like a BACCHANAL I wildly rove,
With hair dishevell'd cursing thee, my love.
Now with fix'd eyes upon the rock's cold height,
Senseless, I hang: a statue to the sight.
Oft to the grot my raving way I made,
No THESEUS there---all silent---dreary---dead.
The scenes you lov'd I passionately trace;
I seize your robes, and press them in embrace.
Then on our couch my wretched limbs I throw:
That dear lov'd couch I wet with tears of woe.
You held us both, with frantic voice I cry,
Oh sweet embraces!---amorous extasy!
Those joys are vanish'd, all my vows are vain:
Perfidious bed, but more perfidious man!
Have I a friend! ah no---then whither fly?
These wretched dells no signs of life supply.
Uncultur'd heaths, of chearful verdure bare;
Unknown of man, no human footstep here.
No fertile plough e'er stirr'd these savage fields:
From drenching storms no cot its shelter yields.
Th' unpitying seas hem in on every side:
No friendly bark to waft me o'er the tide:
Yet what avails, were any waftage nigh,
Without my THESEUS, vain for me to fly!
Tho' every God should soften every gale,
Calm every billow, fill each milky sail,
A wretch, an exile o'er the world I roam,
For ever banish'd from my native home.

Non ego te, CRETE, centum digesta per urbes,
Aspiciam, puero, cognita terra JOVI.
Nam pater, et TELLUS justo regnata parenti,
Prodita sunt facto, nomina cara, meo.
Cum tibi ne victor tecto morerere recurvo,
Quæ regerent passus, produce fila dedi.
Cum mihi dicebas, per ego ipsa pericula juro,
Te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque meam.
Vivimus, et non sum THESEU, tua: si modo vivis.
Fœmina, perjuri fraude repulta viri.
Me, quoque qua fratrem mactasses improbe clava,
Esset quam dederas morte soluta fides.
Nunc ego non tantum quæ sum passura recordor;
Sed quæcunque potest ulla relicta pati.
Occurrunt animo pereundi mille figuræ:
Morsque minus pœnæ quam mora mortis habet.
Jam, jam venturos aut hac, aut suspicor illac,
Qui lanient avido viscera dente lupos.

Mansions of bliss, must I no more review:
Long lov'd, long honour'd CRETA, all adieu.
No more just MINOS' reign must I behold.
Paternal arms no---never more enfold;
All lost for thee---and to my ruin most,
Thou too, my THESEUS, thou, for ever lost!
Was it for this I fix'd the guiding clue!
Taught thee the Labyrinth's mazes to undo!
Was it for this, a daughter lov'd---should dare
In love of thee, defy a parent's war!
Hark! hark thy oaths---some traces yet remain;
The lover's refuge from impending pain:
The Gods above were witness to thy vow:
Perjur'd! indignant, they behold thee now.
Oh had that sword which smote the Minotaur,
Thy country's pest, long drench'd with human gore,
That sword descending on my panting breast
Had freed thee of thy oaths, and sent me to my rest.
To rest, from pangs of wounded conscience wrought,
Just retribution for rebellion's fault.
Yet let them rage---I am prepar'd to bear;
Bold, see me rise---my courage from despair,
Tho' death in thousand shapes invade me round;
His long delay is crueller than the wound.
E'en now from every side my fears suggest;
Here rabid wolves the savage hills infest:

Forsitan et fulvos tellus alat ista leones.
Quis scit, an hæc sævas tigrides insula habet?
Et freta dicuntur magnas expellere Phocas.
Quid vetat et gladios perlatus ire meum?
Tantum ne religer dura captiva catena;
Neve traham servâ grandia pensa manu:
Cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phœbi:
Quodque magis memini, quæ tibi pacta fui.
Si mare, si terras, porrectaque litora vidi;
Multa mihi terræ, multa minantur aquæ.
Cœlum restabat: timeo simulacra Deorum.
Destituor rapidis præda cibusque feris.
Sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis.
Externos didici læsa timere viros.
Viveret Androgeus utinam nec facta luisses
Impia funeribus, Cecropi terra tuis!
Nec tua mactasset nodoso stipite, Theseu,
Ardua parte virum dextera, parte boum!
Nec tibi, quæ reditus monstrarent fila dedissem;
Fila per adductas sæpe recepta manus!
Non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum.
Strataque Cretæam bellua tinxit humum,

Non

Those darksome woods conceal the lion's lair,
The fierce-ey'd tyger, and the shaggy bear:
Yon furrowy seas amphibious foes afford:
What, what restrains me from the deathful sword!
No captive e'er was so distress'd as I,
Gall'd by such chains, plung'd in such misery.
I, sprung from MINOS---high and glorious name:
APOLLO's daughter was my mother's claim.
Yet, more than all, priz'd next to all divine,
THESEUS, my glory 'twas, to call thee mine.
If lands, if seas, or rocky shores I've seen,
Much have lands threaten'd, much the roaring main:
The Heavens alone I deem'd were free from fear;
Alas! the figures of the Gods are there.
Me miserable! to wild beasts a prey,
If men live here, I hold them fierce as they.
Deceiv'd by thee, experience sad I gain:
Mistrust is mine, a greater savage,---MAN.
O that ANDROGEUS liv'd---the crime away,
Which gave CECROPIA's youth, the monster's prey!
O that thy hand were guiltless of the wound
Which dy'd with monster's blood the Cretan ground!
Would to the Gods! I ne'er had shewn the ways,
The silken clue that clear'd thee thro' the maze!
That THESEUS should with victory be crown'd,
And stretch his foe, hot bleeding, on the ground,

Non poterant figi præcordia ferria cornu:
At te non tegeres pectore tutus eras.
Illic tu silices, illic adamanta tulisti:
Illic, qui silices, THESEA, vincat habes.

Crudelis somni, qui me tenuistis inertem?
At semel æterna nocte premenda fui.

Vos

Is now no feat for wond'ring tongues to tell:
For what could harm a bosom hard as steel?
If thou unarm'd hadst set upon the beast,
His hardest horn was softer than thy breast.
There flinty rocks, and stony cliffs appear;
Nay, rocks are soft, to what thou bearest there.
Gods! of what stuff form'd ye that youthful heart!
Capricious---wayward---grateless every part:
Cruel!---you rais'd love's tumults in my breast:
Wretch! 'twas thy sport to rob my heart of rest.
Inspir'd by thee---unhappy passion flames:
Friend! lover! husband! dear beloved names.
Won by thy arts---you saw my honest soul,
With thee how blest to have roam'd from pole to pole:
No storm, no tempest could have power to move,
THESEUS was mine; and all my heart was love.
Fearless of danger, 'twas my honest pride,
In war's attire to grace thy warlike side.
No changeful Gods in all my Heaven appear:
Thy vows I deem'd were as my own---sincere.
Blow winds, I cried, fierce hurricanoes fall,
THESEUS is mine, and love's a shield from all.
Of storms and tempests little did I know,
But less, far less, that THESEUS was my foe.
Why, cruel dreams, did ye my senses steep!
Why not eternal made ye then that sleep?

Vos quoque, crudeles venti, nimiumque parati;
Flaminaque in lacrymas officiosa meas.
Dextera crudelis, quæ me fratremque necavit:
Et data poscenti, nomen inane, fides.
In me jurarunt somnus, ventus, fidesque.
Prodita sum causis una puella tribus.

Ergo ego nec lacrimas matris moritura videbo:
Nec, mea qui digitis lumina condat erit?
Spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras:
Nec positos artus unguet amica manus?
Ossa superstabunt volucres inhumata marina?
Hæc sunt officiis digna sepulchra meis?

Ibis Cecropios portus, patriaque receptus
Cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tua,
Et bene narraris letum taurique, virique,
Sectaque per dubias saxea tecta vias;
Me quoque narrate sola tellure relictam?
Non ego sum titulis surripienda tuis.

Non pater est Ægeus, nec tu Pittheïdos Æthræ
Filius, auctores saxa fretumque tui.

Di

Ah mild had been thy hand to have ta'en my breath
Than here expose to die a daily death.
Ye too, from dire despair, officious gales,
Drew bitter tears---I slept---ye fill'd his sails.
Remorseless hand! my brother's pest and mine,
Where the faith vow'd? ah now an empty sign.
Sleep, winds, and vows, combined to overthrow
Me, helpless maid, with complicated woe.
Here must I die---no mother's pitying tear
To bathe my corse---no father form my bier.
What friend compose these limbs with pitying eye,
This trembling shade---ah, whither must it fly?
But uninterr'd my hapless form must lay,
To screaming birds, and hungry beasts a prey.
Is this, O THESEUS, worthy me, who dar'd,
Me, thy soul's friend, thy council, and thy guard!
---Go---to CECROPIA fly---thy native soil,
There rest thy virtue overcome of toil:
When stretch'd at ease in castle's sumptuous state,
To thronging friends thou dost the fight relate;
Tell how thy prowess laid the monster dead;
Tell how thou scap'dst perdition by a thread:
Me too, deserted, in the story name:
A ruin'd virgin wounds no hero's fame.
Call'st thou ÆGEUS sire! art thou the child
Of the fair ÆTHRA! parents ever mild:
No---horrid rocks, and savage oceans join'd
To form thee, Man---the terror of thy kind.

Yet

Di facerent, ut me summa de puppe videres!
Movisse vultus mœsta figura tuos.
Nunc quoque non oculis, sed, qua potes, aspice mente.
Hærentem scopulo, quem vaga pulsat aqua.
Aspice demissos lugentis in ore capillos:
Et tunicas lacrimis, sicut ab imbre, graves.
Corpus, ut impulsæ segetes aquilonibus, horret:
Litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat.
Non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adero
Debita sit facto gratia nulla meo:
Sed nec pœna quidem: si non ego causa salutis,
Non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.

Has tibi plagendo lugubria pectora lassas,
Infelix tendo trans freta longa manus.
Hos tibi, qui superant, ostendo mœsta capillos.

Per lacrimas oro, quas tua facta movent:
Flecte ratem, THESEU; versoque relabere velo.
Si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa feres.

Yet would to Gods! thou didst discern me here
My piteous state might start a sudden tear.
Then what thou canst, see me with mental eye:
Imagination---paint my misery!
See me all wretched on the mountain's brow,
Naked to storms---sad spectacle of woe!
Torn by rude gales my once all-graceful hairs;
My garments wetted by fast-falling tears.
Cold, cold the winds---unshelter'd here I stand,
These lines will speak the tremors of my hand.
For aids afforded, no returns I claim,
Sports of vain babblers they, and lying fame.
No---let no sufferings plead: if in thy heart
No self-born stings of strong compunction dart
Tho' I, thy saviour, in extremest need------
---Go---and let death remunerate my deed.
Yet, yet these hands in dire distress extend,
Cross the wide flood perhaps thy soul may bend:
These tresses, which wild grief has left untore,
Wretch that I am---by these I do implore:
By tears, whose bitter source springs all from thee,
Let love, let pity advocate for me.
O change thy course, shall woman plead in vain!
The favoring winds shall waft thee thro' the main;
And if I die before thou gain'st this shore,
THESEUS, bear thou my bones, I ask no more.

TO

THE ROBIN REDBREAST

ON THE

CLOSE OF THE SUMMER, ANNO ***

GO, friendly bird, to LUCY's ear
Pour forth in thy mellifluous strain,
What, thoughtless, she, neglects to hear;
Her MONMOUTH's love, her MONMOUTH's pain.

Bid her look round, how summer's flying!
That thou prepar'st thy wint'ry lay:
That summer's warmth is daily dying:
That love neglected flits away.

Tell her how short the hour of spring is;
How transitory beauty's bloom:
An enemy e'en now on wing is
DECAY------inevitable doom!!!

Then

Then paint fair FRIENDSHIP's endless duty:
Of bliss, a never fading store:
A gem, beyond all charms of beauty:
A treasure that, when those are o'er.

With short but energetic flow,
Thy rich ejaculations try:
Oh warm her breast with MONMOUTH's glow,
Then thou, dear bird! shalt never die.

THE

WEEPING STAG.

THE

WEEPING STAG,

FROM

SHAKSPEARE, ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, A FOREST.

DUKE, *senior, and* LORDS *his Companions.*

Duke. COME---shall we go and kill us venison!
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desart city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1*st Lord.* Indeed, my lord,

The

LE

CERF LARMOYANT,

DE

SHAKESPEARE:

TRADUCTION EN VERS BLANCS ET LIBRES.

SCENE, LES BOIS.

Les Personnes---le DUC, *senior, avec les* LORDS *de sa Suite.*

Duc. A LA chasse, camarades, partons partons:
Qu'ils sont beaux ces cerfs! pauvres animaux!
Cela me géne pourtant les tuer: les bourgeois de ces bois
D'original. Qu'est ce nôtre droit, les meurtrir
De cruelles flêches? ci en champs propres?
1*er Lor.* Ah, monseigneur, cela ne va pas bien les egorger

En

The melancholy JAQUES grieves at that.
And in that kind swears you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you.
To day my Lord of AMIENS and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en an hurt,
Did come to languish: and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting---and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chace: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy JAQUES,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke, sen. But what said JAQUES!
Did he not moralise the spectacle!

1*st Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.

First

En terrein propre. A l'aveu du sieur JAQUES
(Cet esprit sombre, morne, melancholique)
Vous autres, vous joués grand role d'autocrat
Plus grand dèspot---vous,---que n'est le DUC
Qui t'a ci chassé. Ce matin même, nous deux
Mi LOR D'AMIENS et moi, nous promenant au frais
Dans l'enforcement de ces beaux bois:
En recoin obscur deterrames nous sieur JAQUES
Etendu de sa sorte a l'ombre d'un chêne
Dont les vielles racines---bossues---capricieuses
S'enfoncoient dans le ruisseau babillant
A travers beaux reduits.
Ce fut tout proche ces eaux rafraichissantes
Que nous remarquames venir se soulager
Pauvre animal de cerf, horriblement blessé
De trait de chasseur roid---dont le flanc
Versoit le sang a force---l'angoisse cruelle
Lui fit jetter grands sanglots; l'enflure piquante
Lui pensa crever belle côte marquetée.
De ses beaux yeux couloient grosses boules de
larmes
Humectant honnête face---spectacle attendrissant
Au coeur de JAQUES! emu des souffrances:
Ainsi constata pauvre animal
Agroississant les flots de larmes ameres.
Duc. De graces! qu'en disoit JAQUES!
Ne fit il point la morale?
1*er Lor.* O qu' oui il la fit bien

De

First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends---
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company, &c. &c.

De maintes similitudes:
Pauvre fou---dit il---tu vas le train des hommes
Donnant surcroit, au tas du superflu.
Que peux tu faire pauvre bête abandonné?
Vois---on te fuit---qui sont la tes confreres
En besoin mortel! concitoyen tu des bois:
Allés---impitoyables dans la misere---on te fuit---
Si và le monde dans l'infortune---allés mechants
C'est bien la mode de la bonne compagnie.

FAIR PEGGY

OF

RICHEMONDE:

A TRAGIC BALLAD,

FROM AN ANTIENT FRAGMENT.

O Infortunati TRES! si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

Virgil.

FRAGMENT

IN A

PRIVATE COLLECTION.

Dilaceratus est MSS.

(* * * * * * * * *) albeit the aforesaide young MARGARETT no waies moved in affection toke no thought which to elect for her leman (* * * * *) and whiles that she perceived sore dissension arisen between the twins, she manifested a pleasure in receiving the kindnesses of WILLIAM, and eke the tender munificence of HENRY. And it was thus their dudgeon waxed mightylie. And in the moneth of March when the puissant winds blewe, the twins chaunced to straye on Thamis banks, and as they walked in deep and gloomy silence, HENRY on a sodane drewe forth his sworde, (* * * * *) but not wotting to swimme they bothe perished in the waters. (* *) and it now felle oute that younge MARGARETT became

much pained at heart, for that none of the villagee consorted with her; and in her doleful woe, as she sorrowed on the border of Thamis, as was her custom, she perceiveth in the floode a face, and anon a shrille crie rendeth the air, bidding her leape into the rivere (* * * * * *)

Into one grave did they then repose the three bodies, and as it were by a prodigie there upsprange an elme tree, and an oakling, and an aspin tree, and entwining themselves over the place seemed to beweepe their untimely end: moreover the youthe of Richemonde on a certaine daye in the early of the yeare, meet underneth the boughs, and there remembre they faire MARGARETT, and the twins who loved her so painfully.

N. B. *The Asterisks shew the parts destroyed.*

FAIR

PEGGY OF RICHEMONDE.

WHERE RICHEMONDE's hill sublime is seen,
Wash'd by the THAMIS fair,
Young PEGGY dwelt; all fresh her charms,
All lovely every air.

That she was beauteous soon she knew,
And much she us'd her sway;
Love touch'd her not, it was her sport
To steal each heart away.

All dimpled was her vermeil cheek,
Clear as the healthy rose:
All silken was her auburn lock,
Her eyes were living sloes.

Rubied her lip, so soft, so sweet,
Where play'd each young desire;
Enchanting was her milk-white breast,
It set the world on fire.

Have you not seen the stately pine
So taper, straight, and tall;
Such was her shapes, and ease, and grace,
She bore the bell from all.

She danc'd upon the verdant mead,
She danc'd within the grove,
She sang beneath the greenwood shade,
And still her song was love.

She roll'd around her sparkling eye,
To watch th' enamour'd swains:
She smil'd---but smil'd alike on all,
And led them all in chains.

That sparkling eye entranc'd each soul,
That smile made wild each heart;
WILLIAM resolv'd to win the maid,
Or ease by death his smart.

And HENRY too, his brother dear,
Alike confess'd his flame:
Two youths so fair, so fresh, so gay,
Each worthy of the dame.

Twinn'd in the self same hour were they,
Nurs'd at the self same breast,
One *will* alone they seem'd to have,
One heart, and that the best.

Oh cursed love! oh fiend so foul
From hell and darkness sent,
What human chains shall bind thy force
When souls like these were rent.

Pale JEALOUSY soon rear'd her crest,
AFFECTION swift was gone,
Cold HATRED next with Gorgon face,
Turn'd both their hearts to stone.

But PEGGY laugh'd, full glad and gay,
To fan the flame she strove,
And oft she danc'd with WILLIAM, oft
Heard HENRY's tale of love.

To each by turns fond hopes she gave,
From each fair presents had,
Each wish'd his brother far away,
With love their hearts were mad.

At length upon a cloud-black day
By THAMIS as they stray'd,
The waves all rough, the winds all high,
Deep-thinking on the maid;

HENRY to WILLIAM, sighing, said,
Oh brother, what's to do?
How bright behold young PEGGY is,
I love her, so do you.

We cannot both possess the fair,
  We cannot either leave,
By point of sword let us decide
  Which shall her love receive.

So saying, forth he drew his blade
  To shed his brother's blood,
And WILLIAM thrice essay'd the same,
  All trembling as he stood;

At length, he cries, against thy life
  I cannot rear my arm,
Yet without PEGGY, die I must,
  So fatal is the charm:

I cannot rear my arm 'gainst thee,
  Thou art my brother dear,
I cannot find to shed thy blood,
  Nor can I yield the fair.

One mother brought us in the world,
  One mother nurs'd our youth,
One friendship till this time hath dur'd
  In sanctity and truth.

Is there in death a pang so great
  As that to yield my love?
Is there a pang in death so sharp
  As brother's bane to prove?

No,

No, HENRY, no; I'd rather die,
Than be thy murderer here,
Yet twenty deaths I'd rather die,
Than see possest my fair.

Into this black and angry flood,
Whose billows run full high,
I'll headlong throw myself, get thou
To thy felicity.

In all things else I know thou'd yield,
Yea even all thy store:
Then farewell, HENRY, live, and love,
I soon shall be no more.

He said, and in the angry flood,
Whose billows ran amain,
He instant plung'd his honest head,
And never rose again.

HENRY alarm'd, with sudden haste,
Leaps headlong in the stream,
He caught his brother by the arm,
Yet had no power to swim.

In vain, in vain, they struggled hard,
Soon stopp'd was every breath,
Clasp'd in each others arms they sank
Deep to the caves of death.

* * * * * Then

Then up, and rumour blew her blast,
And echo spread it wide,
How by fair PEGGY's waywardness
WILLIAM and HENRY died.

Soon as their hapless fate was known
The village wept amain,
And every nymph despis'd the maid,
As did each amorous swain.

Then first her little heart knew grief,
Deserted as she stood,
Sighing she went, and wept full sore
In doleful solitude.

Along the tractless grove she went,
Along the lonely shore;
There sat her down to weep and wail
Her lovers now no more.

She sat her down to weep and wail
One day on THAMIS' side,
Beneath the tree just on the spot
From whence her lovers died.

And looking on the sea-deep flood,
She cried, 'ah woe's the day!'
And wept so sore, enough to melt
An heart more hard than clay.

She look'd upon the sea-deep flood
And call'd her lovers dear,
When in the sea-deep flood behold
She saw a face appear.

She saw the face of young WILLIAM,
And shrill she heard a cry,
" Dear lovely maid, oh weep not so,
" Nor fear like us to die.

" All in fair coral bowers we live
" With many a spirit gay,
" If now thine heart's inclin'd to love,
" Come, PEGGY, come away.

" In this new state no jealous fears
" Distract the heart with woe,
" The name of rival is unknown,
" We love as angels do.

" No painful passions touch our souls,
" In lucid fields we play:
" Bless, and be blest, cast fear aside,
" Come, PEGGY, come away."

It said no more, but vanish'd---straight
The nymph obeys the call---
The watry sisters took her in,
And bore to Nereus' hall.

And there, such was the high decree,
Eternal joys they prove,
With each a year altern' she dwells
In shady bow'rs of love.

Their bodies three in RICHEMONDE sods
All in one grave were laid,
Whence sprang an elm, an oak, an asp,
And twining form'd one shade.

Thither each constant youth resorts,
Each maid, when spring's in prime,
The boughs they hang with garlands gay,
And think on PEGGY's crime.

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES belong to PLAYS which never yet have been shewn to any one.

PROLOGUE

TO THE FIRST PART

OF

HENRY THE SECOND,

ACTED AT BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM.

SPOKEN BY THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

SINCE regal BRUCE held *here* imperial sway
Five hundred years have slipp'd in night away.
Here, on this spot, in antient state rever'd,
His castle walls, all ivy-clad, appear'd.
The moss-grown tow'rs in awful grandeur rose
O'er the wide moat, which now no longer flows.
Time conquers all---yet 'tis our pride to trace,
The local source of the fam'd STUART race.
O'er *Caledonian* frosts since then they sway'd,
At length BRITANNIA Scottish kings obey'd.
But uncongenial bloods in ferment rise,
And the good CHARLES a dread memorial lies.
Yet 'tis our pride this once grac'd spot to tread:
And FANCY starts up KINGS in every mead;

Shews

Shews the mind's eye the social joys of yore:
The village festival---and artless roar.
When all was gratitude for well-hous'd grain,
And the LORD rose the MONARCH of the plain.
FESTIVITY here ever lov'd to dwell:
She drain'd the rural cot, and monkish cell. (1)
Of such old customs, venerable grown,
'Tis our hearts' pride to keep up the renown.
The village youth, and antient, here shall throng,
Yea---classic minds that love heroic song
Shall here alike in joy be drawn along.
The GLORIOUS SPIRITS of the MIGHTY DEAD, (2)
By art poetic, visit us in shade.
Sometimes great ALEXANDER passes by;
Sometimes the splendid JULIUS takes the eye.
Sometimes stern CORIOLANUS strikes with awe;
Sometimes we weep at MANTUA's rigid law.
This night we shew---in no unpleasant scene,
The daring BOLINGBROKE of SHAKESPEARE's pen.
HOTSPUR---proud valour's minion shall come forth:
And HAL, sweet HAL, not heedless of his worth.
FALSTAFF---lov'd phantom of the poet's brain,
Shall puff---and please in his thrasonic strain.

(1) An oratory was at the High Cross.
(2) A neat playhouse was in the castle, where family, friends and neighbours acted with great applause.

And

And last, not least, we trust, in all your love,
Our HOSTESS' self in QUICKLY's form shall move.
Deem not amiss that players we appear,
Our Monarch once made stage-delights his care.
PRINCES and NOBLES emulous of praise,
Have wreath'd their crowns with all-seducing bays.
Glory and pleasure here go hand in hand,
But CHRISTMAS always claim'd the festive band.
From antient times still Christmas is the call,
For JOY's gay court t' assemble at the HALL.
Those times we honor, and our pride is great,
To see such friends besiege th' old castle gate.
To please you all we'll now produce our best,
'*In magnis voluisse*'---I see you know the rest.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

FALSTAFF SPEAKS.

WELL---well---the battle's o'er---thanks Heavens I say:
With flying colours ends our mortal fray.
---HONOR enough---I bravely kept'em to' it,
AJAX am I---I never budge a foot.
---But---now fairly quit---Sir JOHN his heart unmuffles,
Frankly I own---I don't much like these bustles.
Ladies I'll tell you---cowards I abhor:
A very devil am I---once plung'd in war.
HERCULES FURENS---zounds! I make 'em rattle:
---But now---'tis love bids me ha' done with battle.
I mean put up---my sword---and---fury too,
(Putting up his scymitar.)
And take a wife---and live as wise men do.
---Worse fare---go further---such good-natur'd faces, *(Looks round with his glass.)*
Sure I'll have *one*---all VENUSSES and GRACES.
---Survey

---Survey me too---a man of proper trim:
Two yards about---I 'count genteel and slim.
Of bless'd conditions too---tall, hale, and stout:
Sound, wind and limb---a perfect man throughout.
Which of you, ladies, would her lover wed
Who in all-glorious war an eye had shed,
Had arms---or legs lopp'd off---perhaps his head?
TORSOS are pretty subjects for a gallery,
But in a lady's coach---mon Dieu! what raillery!
In troth I never relish'd the regale,
Where veins are set abroach like tubs of ale.
I ne'er could screw my muscles to a laugh:
" Shot thro' the head,"---a pleasant paragraph!
Some KNIGHTS delight abroad for fame to roam,
Which others shirk---and only fight at home.
Afraid to bleed in war's all-charming channel;
Vile hounds! they hatch encounters in their kennel.
Major KILMANUM---ATHLONE's volunteer,
With glaring eyes---honor and gunpowder,
Comes to his inn---" Arrah, my honey now,
" *Brakfast* and *pastels*---look ye, love, for two."
---Or, if of quarrels haps a dereliction---
" *Five guineas, Paddy, for a contradiction.*"
---Good Heavens! e'en I, who dread not great GOLIAH,
Should fear this fight-all---I think he's but a lyar.

HOTSPUR'S

HOTSPUR's an hero---but I free confess,
I think assassins all who fight at mess.
Would any fair one venture such to take?
---No, fly him---fly him, as you would a snake.
Be cautious, ladies, in the marriage plan:
Chuse mates like me---thro'out a PERFECT MAN.

EPILOGUE

TO

COURCY EARL OF ULSTER.

ISABELLA SPEAKS.

NOW MAGNA CHARTA's sign'd---and every Briton,
Swaggers, brimful---a demagogue---the fit on:
Spurns despotism---spoil'd now of his dart,
Nor sees himself---a despot at the heart.
'Tis Nature's course, and therefore no great wonder,
When man turns JOVE---poor man out-thunders thunder.
Yet trace him home---how tame this monarch's grown!
---Nay, few among you call your souls your own.
Women there rule---and wisely ye obey:
No reign's so happy as when women sway.
Instance in one,---my LORD---and dear CO-MATE,
Abroad---hot---fierce---to o'erset e'en any state.

By

By managing at home his whims in leisure,
I twist him round my finger at my pleasure.
Good natur'd creature! *every inch a king!*
Nor sees the power that leads him in a string.
Should he dare growl, and doubt my better sense,
He soon should find all my OMNIPOTENCE.
Not one kind word---or smile---or kiss, I swear;
His bed and board should be a civil war:
His meals be poison'd by my sovereign hate:
All insurrection in his petty state.

My reasons weigh with every man of sense,
Persuasive, more than TULLY'S eloquence.
Reasons, which overturn all classic knowledge:
Rout ARISTOTLE---tyrant of the college.
Reasons, which CÆSAR had the sense to feel,
And made stout HERCULES turn a spinning wheel:
Reasons, which by the statute are most strong,
"THE MONARCH---THAT IS I----CAN DO NO
"WRONG."

You all talk of REFORM---I frankly own (1)
Poor England's ruin'd, if my plan's o'erthrown.
A plan well fram'd of temperate thoughts and cool:
Turn out the men, and let us women rule.
Our heads are steady, and our hearts are warm,
Fittest to steer in calm, as well as storm.

(1) Vide History of Parliament. This motion is annually made and negatived.

The

The posts of state---I'd thus arrange---let's see;
(Pulling out her tablets.)
Myself th' Exchequer, and the Treasury.
My Lady BETTY, and my Lady MARY,---
This, Privy Seal---and that, Home Secretary.
To council chair---old Duchess PRATE I'd call,
And Lady BOUNCE---Lady High Admiral.
Well skill'd in cases, delicate and nice,
The Common Pleas should have fair BAB's advice:
To Bancum Regis---SALISBURY I'd prefer,
And Duchess DEVON, Lady Chancellor.
Abroad I see there may be some warm work,
But Lady WORSLEY might take down the Turk:
The Russias, Duchess GORDON might confound,
Superior she---might bring old CATHERINE round.
RUTLAND to IRELAND, her own province, go,
She'll tame those ROISTERS which man ne'er could do.
In short of pow'r I'd hold the scales so neat;
With envy---oh the joy!---I'd kill young PITT.
EUROPE should prove one total halcyon day,
When SOVEREIGN WOMAN holds the SOVEREIGN SWAY.

PROLOGUE

TO

CAMILLUS AND COLUMNA.

WHOEVER with a microscopic eye,
Of life---views Nature's infinite supply,
Sees worlds of creatures rise in every scope,
And monsters gambol, in their sea---a drop.
Who takes the telescope in like survey:
Sees systems scatter'd in the milky way.
These subtle truths the natural eyes explore:
The wise, all trembling, see them---and adore.
Shall the mind's eye---all-penetrative beam,
See nothing---tho' endued to the extreme?
Absurd! from what we know, this point we gain,
" Great Nature ne'er created ought in vain."
Can then this mighty void of glorious Sky,
Want habitants which meanest weeds supply?
" Millions of spirits walk this earth unseen,
" And flit the Sky"---it is the soul's demesne.---
Emancipated from all earthly chains,
For what was e'er created still remains. (1)

(1) Vide Locke.

In

In just gradation Nature forms the whole,
Sense---instinct---reason---to the great NEWTON's soul:
Nor stops she there---th' ascending steps are sure,
From NEWTON's body---NEWTON's soul's more sure.
Intelligencies subtler---Nature's own,
In classes rising to th' Eternal Throne.
An antient doctrine human state befriends;
" A guardian Angel every man attends."
Nay, some there are who teach that man's estate
Two rule, the one of love---and one of hate.
Grant this---no wonder then whence comes caprice,
Our wisdoms---follies---virtues---and our vice:
Mere flutes alone---play'd on---by one or t'other,
Man now seeks silence---now he loves a pother.
One is a hermit---one a cut-throat see;
This beauty is all chaste---and that all free;
Variety seems Nature's history.
This certain truth is easy yet to find,
That every fair who rears COLUMNA's mind,
By troops of social spirits shall be led,
Preserv'd from mischief, and not die a maid.
With nicest care they keep her virgin charms,
And bring at length CAMILLUS to her arms.
Ah let no barren convent take the dame,
Whose hapless love is on another's claim.

Fair youths abound---despair's from folly bred,
The fairies hate the self-devoted maid,
Their highest revels is the bridal bed.
There OBERON and TITANIA sport and play,
A wedding is the fairies holiday.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

CAMILLUS AND COLUMNA,

LEONA SPEAKS.

" ALL'S well that ends well"---so the proverb says:
COLUMNA's married---I swim now at ease:
Her maid of honor---late her aid-de-camp
In all her perils, woods, and wilds, among.
My blood runs cold---when all that past is heeded,
That vile LEANDER---had his plots succeeded;
Think in a vale to' have seiz'd our virgin treasure,
Both victims to his gormandising pleasure;
No help at hand to have sav'd us from perdition,
Prais'd be the *Fairies* for interposition:
---Good Heavens! we beauties---what is our condition.
All, all our foes---bent for our dire disgrace:
Tho' each approaches with the sweetest face.

D' ye see yon soldier---swelling---sweeping---cooing,
Like a cock-pigeon his obsequious wooing;
Is he that fair-one's friend? if any ruffian
Were rude, he'd raise, no doubt, a mighty huffing:
But view his heart!---is love---is friendship there?
His views we know---and those are all his care,
The captain quarters next---the Lord knows where.
Friends are we to ourselves? I fear to tell
How oft we're false---nor guard the citadel.
Is there no refuge---no asylum then,
Not e'en a QUIXOTE 'gainst pernicious men!
E'en garter'd knights---high sworn poor woman's friend,
How chang'd---e'en they assail, who should defend.
Has gracious nature fail'd poor woman quite?
No---I aver---if woman's heart be right.
Honor's our fort---Gibraltar not more strong;
The Gods live here---and will defend us long.
Be the guard faithful to its charge within,
No force can storm it, and no bribe can win:
To HYMEN's summons sole capitulate,
Allow'd flag---drum---and all the arms o' the state.
Unwise the nymph, with youth---with beauty blest,
Who in a cloister hopes to set her rest:

Deaf

Deaf to her lover on the earth who kneels,
Nor feels the pang his honest bosom feels.
O think, dear girls, how fast the years past by;
How one by one the Loves and Graces fly.
Youth's softest bloom will quickly turn to rough,
And snowy down give way to tawny buff.
From your dear cloister should ye wish remove,
And condescend to hear the tale of love:
Sad doleful truth---too late to be a wife:
To the cloister back---back---back---a nun for life.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

WRITTEN 1780.

WITHIN these magic walls, look round and see,
Is there a wight of high or low degree,
Who has not said or sung in doleful mood,
Compassion's tale 'THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.'
Forceful! ah more than ought of Grecian strain,
The THEBAN curse, or AGAMEMNON slain.
Here ope the genuine sluices of the eye,---
Nature and pity join the infant cry;
And as proceeds the unadorned tale,
Till death---dire death, draws on his horrid veil;
In floods of woe the tender eye is drown'd;
Humanity lies sobbing on the ground.
Poets, and painters, a licentious tribe,
No bonds can hold, when fancy tends the bribe:
For this---so be they keep the main in view,
Boldly they dare---and strike at something new.

Our

Our poet thus---departing from the song,
Draws a step-mother authoress of the wrong:
A lover too---strong motive for the guilt:
For love, what seas of blood have not been spilt?
Love---tiger-passion of the human frame,
No pity softens---no compunctions tame:
Yet whilst we execrate th' inhuman deed,
For lovely woman every heart must bleed.

His banquet thus arrang'd with toil and taste,
Our bard invites ye all to his repast;
Come all---and in a free familiar mode,
Give your opinions---censure or applaud.
Each speak his feelings---honestly and bold;
Polite, tho' firm---as ROMANS us'd of old.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

SPOKEN BY FLORINA.

BROUGHT to myself, this truth my heart acquires,
" My honest farmer's worth a thousand squires."
You see me LAWNTREE's happy wife at last;
My tow'ring thoughts---thank Heaven! in smoke are past.
Now undeceiv'd the sort of love I see,
That lord of wealth design'd my low degree:
Am'rous yet cruel, proud yet meanly base,
Those country rakes seduce, and then distress.
The wretches claim, from their extensive sway,
A sort of right prescriptive to betray.
Nurtur'd in arts---their conquering pow'r confest,
They tyrannise o'er every female breast.
Unborn to cherish---what they haply fix---
' *Forsake,*'---the motto of their politics.

Kind

Kind pity never warm'd that brutish throng:
Unfelt the throbbings of affections strong.
In vain the yearnings of the love-struck fair,
Her fond heart breaks---sad victim of despair.
Well---I'm escap'd and now I clearly see
No happiness but in equality.
Content---my farm shall all my thoughts employ,
To make my farmer happy, all my joy.
I'll tell you, ladies, what's my little plan,
Now that I've got---to keep my honest man.
Men are strange things---would we could do without 'em!
There's such a fuss about 'em, and about 'em.
I know, by what I've seen, that marriage tires,
And humble swains grow cold like lordly squires;
Soon he hates home---and damns the married life,
Sick of himself---and---w-e-a-r-i-e-d---of---h-i-s w-i-f-e. *(Pauses expressive of languor.)*
Ill humour'd see he comes---with cloudy brow;
Flounces and bounces---looks---I know not how.
I let him have his way---yet manage him:
I mark his humours---pleasures---caprice---whim.
Perhaps he's vex'd---I solace and encourage,
A kiss can raise him---tho' a kiss of marriage.
Frugal I'll be---I rise at break of day,
And till my work is done I never play.
He ne'er shall call me an unthrifty mate;
His cot I'll make the first for clean and neat.

No

No palace shall present a tidier scene,
All shall be neat without too---as within.
Fatigu'd and hungry when he comes at night,
A chicken roast or boil'd, shall greet his sight.
I'll ever meet him with a face of mirth,
And keep a charming fire---and clean swept hearth.
His FLORINA shall ever too be dress'd---
A slattern wife can never be a feast.
And when refresh'd, to rest we bend our way,
I'll make his slumbers pleasant as the day.
Prove to his sense by varying nuptial duty,
His own wife's arms are better than a beauty.
To foreign charmers, husbands ne'er would roam,
If bed and board delightful were at home.
This is my plan. I'll trust it to you---and you;
What say you, ladies, don't you think 'twill do?
Adopt it then upon a larger scale,
Beauty may charm, but love can never fail.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE GIPSIES.

THE gipsies, Sirs---this night we bring before ye;
To you---all fly for justice---hear their story:
An antient nation they---no party---Whig or Tory.
In chiromancy skill'd---they to an hair,
Can cast a fortune---yet what's singular,
Poor souls! they know not their own fortune here.
Such as CERVANTES drew them you shall see,
His tale the canvas---and the painters we.
Various the groupes---extensive is their run,
Uniting yet at last their tides in one.
Dutch artists we hold cheap:---effect---surprise
Our study is---their trifling we despise.
We take our time and place---in critic's spite:

No

No crouding, like the foolish Stagyrite: (1)
What, Sir---no dining time! what barbarous delight?
To study nature is a generous part,
The force we boast---we aim it at the heart.
An infant daughter lost! oh such a she!
In a long summer's day ye scarce shall see.
Bred in the wilds amid the tawny race,
A PHŒNIX---Sirs, in manners---mind and face.
On her, 'tis REYNOLD'S precept, and FRESNOY'S,
Fall the great lights---and center all the rays:
Youths, virgins and old age act in controul,
T' assist the principal---and harmonise the whole.
Judge now, good friends, how far our plan has merit,
If the designs are bold---and touch'd with spirit.
Our lovely girls examine parts by parts;
In that *examen*, ah guard well your hearts,
Gipsies have bright black eyes---white teeth and tempting arts.
To love such dear bewitching things is common,
---Some yet, we hope, this night will love our old woman.
Far hence, morose---ye self-tormentors---run:
Hie to your closets---pull poor poets down.
The ragged spoils may yield ye half a crown.

(1) The three unities.

But

But you, our friends---fair, young, and generous stay;
Boldly with all it's faults we trust our play.
We'll strive to please you---to be pleas'd---incline:
'*Plura ubi nitent*'---is a rule benign:
Good-natur'd HORACE taught it folks of yore,
ROMAN good-nature have---we ask no more.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

THE GIPSIES.

ANTONIA SPEAKS.

WELL---now my task is done---I thank my stars,
This little gipsy---gem of all my cares,
I have deliver'd up, all safe and sound,
To it's dad and mum---and with an husband crown'd:
I'm glad---as tho' I'd got a thousand pound.
God bless her still I say---bless her sweet face:
And give her joy enough---and a numerous race.
I ever had a conscience rule my nature:---
Think---in my power so long the handsome creature.
I had a conscience, as I said before,
Not made of modern stuff---but stuff of yore,
Such as would hold you *tug*---those times are o'er.

Your

Your modern consciences---if such things are,
Are all so straight, things scarce find entrance there,
Or if they do---like ladies gloves they tear.
'Tis true I stole the infant---but as true,
I lov'd her as my own---ay better too.
Such winning ways---so graceful---gay or grave,
Tho' an old woman---faith I was her slave.
Jealous was I, of every one a near her:
Knowing her quality made her too the dearer.
---Well---now she's happy at her native home,
There, I---th' old gipsey, am allow'd to roam.
Happy---now once a day my child to attend,
Do ye think she'll ne'er despise her oldest friend?
Be it as it may---I'm now rid of my cares,
My hands and conscience clear---I now say prayers.
I think---(advise me)---shall I to convent go,
What have I now in this same world to do.
Ah long I've made it my most busy scene,
I've bustled fourscore years with boistrous men.
I think---I feel---old age now creeping on me,
And in IGNACIO's castle perhaps they'll shun me.
Shun me! my nation's head! and wide my reign!
Can I put up with that---I---I---a QUEEN!!!
No—no—no—SILVIA's gone—no joys for me remain.
Beads be my requiem: yet whene'er YE will,
I'll come upon my crutch, and be the GIPSY still.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

'TIS said—and I believe the old folks says,
" Good morals may be glean'd e'en from bad
" plays;"
From the worst book, writ by the most distracted,
Somewhat of good may be by pains extracted.
So the physician wholesome med'cine draws,
From night-shade—hemlock—laurels—hips and
haws.
He analyses—take the good from evil,
And makes a panacea from the devil.
Thus from the crouds that nightly here resort,
Much useful knowledge may, I ween, be got.
I trust not to appearances—not I—
A bishop may have no divinity;
A lawyer nothing know of " MEUM ET TUUM,
Beyond his daily practice " *sue 'em, sue 'em.*"

E'en

E'en the wise merchant, solemn and demure,
May fear no sin, like that of being poor.
Most men are cheats—and in deception strong,
I'll tent them all—and separate right from wrong.
Imprimis then—my opening proposition,
Ladies you'll laugh, but pray no opposition.
This evening's process—'tis a novel plan,
What think you if I '*decompound a man.*'
For this I now turn chymist by your leaves,
Tho' *gown of fur* I've none, *black cap nor Galen sleeves.*
"*Compound a man!*"—cries Lady PULLICAT,
" Why girls of sixteen now a-days do that.
" There not remains of my good time one feature,
—" No lady—analyse the curious creature."
' O ho—I see—is that your plan—' *undo them,*'
' All women can do that—and thousands rue them.'
But to begin—I take this martial blade,
Gay—and talks loud—all hat and fierce cockade.
Is there a nymph from fifty to fifteen,
But tenderly sighs—and shews a dying mien.
Such fascination, scarlet, bounce and bluster:
Dear girls be not misled—by gold and lustre:
Come put him in my chymical retort:
You'll see come o'er, a thing of another sort.
—Look here—some drops of grease, and froth, and slaver,
Residuum—cold, inert, bad smell, worse savor.

A second—

A second—here 'tis—ha! a fat stern fellow,
Bands at his chin, and on his back prunella.
So trimm'd his speech—his sentences severe,
PRISCIAN—ay that's the name, has nought to fear.
Here clap him in our ample cucurbite,
Let him digest—and now what comes to sight:
Of a thick oil (ʒ 10) —see, strangely how inflated,
ACIDUS CLERICUS (ʒ 8) not to be dulcorated.
PHLOGISTIC SPIRIT—none—some neutral salt,
Black CAPUT MORTUUM much, and good for nought.
Heat the reverberatory—try this bold man's merit,
My crucible—cap up this thing of spirit.
Loud in debate—and in opinion strong.
Inflexible of face—and never in the wrong.
Foe to opponents—but the flattering brood,
Unconquer'd—tho' eternally subdued.
Hark—how he fulminates!—what crepitation;
Turn out—he's gone, in strong evaporation.
This amorous spirit—next proceed upon:
Ladies fear nought—observe—'tis quickly done.
With *aqua pura*—saturate his juices,
'*Ter repetite*'—see what that produces,
'*Insipid element*'—unfit for ladies uses.
Our last but best essay comes next—look here,
An HEART—but whose, or whence, we not declare;
We deem it all that's great, good, firm and clear.

Fill

Fill the receiver—there—a generous flood,
Watch what comes o'er—all LAUDABLE AND GOOD.
SPIRIT in plenty—of the brightest sort:
PHLOGISTON—filling full the large retort.
Next CALCINATION—there—'tis done—behold,
No dross—but one bright mass of purest gold.
Dissolve in AQUA REGIA—then disperse;
" The grandest specific for the universe."
Hence PEACE—hence ARTS—and SCIENCES take birth:
Hence WEALTH and KNOWLEDGE cover all the earth.
Hence STRENGTH and HAPPINESS surround the throne,
And glorious BRITAIN calls it all her own.

PICTURE

1803.

PICTURE

OF

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

1803.

——————" On the other side Satan stood
" Unterrified—and like a comet burn'd,
" That fires a length of the LACTEAL trains,
" Or ARCTIC—or ANTARCTIC. From his horrid hair
" Shakes pestilence and war—anon resorb'd
" In the depth inane, struck by the potent lance
" O' the fiery CENTAUR by the SCORPION sign,
" Ne'er to arouse earth's trembling habiters,
" Too soon dismay'd."

Milton.

PRELIMINARY.

I chuse this motto, as it so well paints the Arch-gallic usurper, who like those of the lower empire, rose---flashed---vanished:---by his army, sic CORSICUS.

SEE—the fine spirit of old ROME is fled,
And SPARTAN VIRTUE gone with SPARTA dead.
As erst SARMATIA pour'd her myriads forth,
Like locusts o'er the harvests of the earth.

So GAUL self-ruin'd, fierce in avarice, runs,
Pests of mankind beyond all antient HUNS.
No more ITALIA's gardens are secure;
SYRIA and EGYPT's fields of wealth, allure.
The puny nations round, their virtue mourn,
Supine: behold all PACTS of HONOR torn,
What shame to PRUSSIA's monarch fam'd of yore!
The RUSSIAN phalanx too---and AUSTRIA's pow'r!
BRITAIN alone, by love and justice warm'd,
Alone stands forth in sterling terrors arm'd.
Stops the proud boasters by more proud controul,---
Emasculated thunders round her roll:
Laughs at the tumults of the raving head,
Their lightnings but illume the foe they dread.
Blest as the Gods, in arms, in glory strong,
BRITANNIA sees with scorn the brutish throng.
Her trumpet's clangor fills the plastic air;
Come forth, my sons, she cries, and crush their war,
Your Gods---your hearths---your Monarch be your care.
Sloth may be bane---be active as of old,
In ALFRED, EDWARD, HENRY's name be bold.
By all the generous blood that swells your vein;
By every CENOTAPH of heroes slain;
Be what in antient days your fathers were:
Equal the folly to despise, or fear.
Fir'd at the sound the DRAGONS lift their heads,
Swift thro' the land the fine contagion spreads.

The

The bruit of war now fills the regions round,
Her generous swains grow HEROES at the sound:
All emulous, see each to each succeeds;
Lo! e'en to INDIA British ardor spreads.
Thus, on fair Summer's eve, no clouds molest,
Retiring Suns yet bright'ning in the west,
To brilliant Planets brilliant Planets stream,
Star lights up Star, till all the Sky is flame.
Thus too, in fields of Sun-burnt HINDOSTAN,
Spreads the cubbeer---fine plant!---the friend of man: (1)
Aloft in air the bough superb is led:
Beneath expands an amplitude of shade.
Nor stops its generous progress on the plain,
But dips---and roots---and springs and roots again.

(1) This plant is mentioned by MILTON, *Par. am.* lib. ix.
" The Fig tree* there—to sunburnt INDIANS known,
" In HINDOSTAN—and spreads parental arms
" Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
" The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
" About the mother-tree—a pillar'd shade
" High over arch'd and echoing walks below.
" There oft the INDIAN Herdsman, shunning heat,
" Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
" At loop-holes cut thro' thickest shade.

* '*Cubbeer*' so called by the natives, who honour it with the name of '*the Friend to Man.*'

Its numerous sons extend from shore to shore,
A pillar'd shade to flocks from PHŒBUS' pow'r.
Oh blest too much, did man his blessings know,
FRANCE when first launch'd among the tribes below.
Of softest clime, that saw spontaneous bloom,
All ARABY in ever blest perfume:
The martial oak---her thickest foliage spread;
The tow'ring pine---the beech's grateful shade.
With healthful oil the foaming presses ran,
And wine---that cheers the heart of God and man.
No bitter frosts to check the blood's career,
Eternal spring empurpled all the year.
Music and song were heard in every grove,
War was unknown, for all was joy and love.
How chang'd behold---how chang'd that happy scene,
Fiends saw her bliss---and call'd AMBITION in.
Giant AMBITION fill'd the blest abodes,
And murder'd all the gifts of all the Gods.
Where late the vineyards clust'ring ranks appear,
Upspring the bloody sword, and murd'ring spear.
By herself ruin'd---order overthrown,
A desart howls---and every blessing gone.
Now sways a foreign WEED---the realm's disgrace,
Worthless beyond the worthless BOURBON race.
To desp'rate deeds, his desp'rate gang he leads:
Hark! deepest curses wait their desp'rate deeds.

Foe

Foe to all virtue, Heavenly guards dispense,
FAITH, MERCY, JUSTICE, TRUTH, BENEVOLENCE,
And FRIENDSHIP's antient venerable name,
Lies a dread snare---or friend or foe the same.
PROTECTION---is the traitor's guileful breath,
PILLAGE---the end---and slavery and death.
VILLAIN in blackest character he draws,
E'en to his own---the kerns that prop his cause. (1)
What happy tribes by broken oaths accurst,
VICTIMS of lies---HELVETIA stands the first.
Fair LIBERTY, the daughter of the GODS,
In Alpine hills---unenvied rough abodes!
The dèspot saw---'twas FREEDOM's happy charms,
He saw---yet dreaded realms of arts and arms.
Despairing force---like the arch-fiend of night,
Masks his black heart, and comes a saint of light.
Extends the hand of friend---th' incautious elf,
Deeming all honest like his simple self,
Unbars his gates (to Grecian craft thus Troy,)
Too soon---behold the death of every joy.
Hast thou no bolt, good Heav'n, such foes to quell,
No chosen thunders for such imps of hell:
Th' unvarnish'd tale draws sighs from infelt woe,
And PITY's tears shall never cease to flow.

(1) At Jaffa he actually gave opium to his own sick soldiers—in number 580. *Vide Colonel Wilson.*

How different he, the prince of BRITAIN's pride,
Guard of her laws---as they his sovereign guide:
Heav'n's delegate---the sword and sceptre sways,
To punish crime---and worth oppress'd to raise.
Embracing with a parent's love his kind:
Impartial---universal spreads his mind.
Is dire calamity a brother's part, (1)
Wide opes a brother's hand and brother's heart.
E'en utmost INDIA flies to BRITAIN's laws,
See ARCOT's chief 'gainst BRITONS gains his cause. (2)
Like JOVE on high---is held the balance even,
And gives to all that justice born of Heav'n.

The bard takes fire such empire to behold,
Swell every note, to every realm be told:
A new AURELIUS with a parent's sway,
A TITUS jealous of a mispent day.
Oh long my native soil such friends be given,
'*Esto perpetuo*' in the smile of Heaven.

But should this bright, this vivifying fire,
Pure as fair VESTA's---by neglect expire.
Enervate grow her guard, supine of soul,
And NERO's spirit rise without controul.

(1) Government sent 50,000*l.* to the court of Lisbon on the great earthquake.

(1) Great cause of the nabob—tried at Westminster.

Farewell then PEACE---dear Goddess long our own!
The cottage blessing, as the splendid throne.
Farewell AMBITION fall'n---alas, fall'n low,
Faded the laurels on our conqueror's brow.
Farewell the battle's bruit---the hero's life,
The rolling drum---the spirit-stirring fife:
The flags of PAUL'S---that float superb the air,
Pride of a thousand!---pomp of glorious war!
Farewell those castles of her old controul:
JOVE'S thunder-bearers, fam'd from pole to pole:
And last farewell---the MIND'S superior power,
BRITANNIA'S circumstance of claim, is o'er.
" Forbid it Gods!" hark every BRITON cries,
" Forbid it Gods!" hark every rock replies.
Rouse every muse from every BRITISH grove,
Rouse every BRITON whom the muses love:
Each hears the *Brutum fulmen's* vain pretence,
Each waits their war---and scorns their insolence.

Go, view with pride the annals of fair FAME,
See victory waited e'er on BRITAIN'S name.
Here CRESSY, AGINCOURT, and POICTIERS rise;
MALPLAQUET there---and BLENHEIM'S victories.
Of modern blazon chiefs of generous blood,
ROOKE---RODNEY---HAWKE---HOWE---DUNCAN
---JERVIS---HOOD.
Superior yet on EGYPT'S sandy coast,
Vast navies throng---despairing GALLIA'S boast.

BRITANNIA sees---and smiles at all their war,
To dauntless NELSON strait assigns the care,
He comes---he thunders---vanish all to air. (1)
Hark! legions groan on CAIRO's burning plain,
To GAUL he leads the proud crest-fallen train.

Yet yet the wretch by madness' achmé wrought,
(Delirium high to breed the desp'rate thought,)
'Gainst BRITAIN's peace incites his venal bands,
Holds forth as lures her wealth and cultur'd lands.
E'en great AUGUSTA too---dares threat with fire,
AUGUSTA rose in wrath---in air the threats expire.
The maniac thus, whom BEDLAM's cells possess,
In straw---in hunger---rags and nakedness,
Sees crowns---sees beauteous dames by myriads rise,
---Hears the known lash---the vain delusion flies.

(1) "Vidit—intonuit, et dissipantur."

VALE

VALE, INQUIT ET VALE.

EXTRACT of a LETTER to Mr. * * * *

" After a pleasant residence of four months with my old and
" hospitable friends, the F's, at their seat in Westmoreland,
" judge of our mutual feelings at parting."

FAREWELL:—tears blurr'd the friendly eye:
With heavy heart—my horse and I
Across the mountains drew:
RALPH follow'd slow, the dells among,
The lad consol'd him with a song,
" My heart still points to you." (1)

The pleasant CHATFIELD, now, no more
Shall set the table in a roar:
Thy sonnet who forgets!
No playful THOMPSONS now amuse,
No GRANVILLE tell of London news,
No SHALES poetic fits.

(1) The burthen of an old song
" Or in the tomb—or in the world,
" My heart is fixed on thee.

FONFORD'S

Fonford's fair scenes I must forsake,
And Derwent, thy expansive lake,
And Lodore's beauteous fall:
No more on Sansted's wild I hear,
Dan Knoll, the huntsman's pleasant cheer,
Which echo tells to all.

Fair Brathwate's grove, and Ardnet hill,
And Belford, thy romantic rill!
And grot to thought the friend:
Thekeld! thy mandoline so dear,
No longer vibrates on my ear:
Sublunar joys must end!

What boots thy swift and well stor'd tide,
Khen, with my Michell—classic guide!
Deep skill'd in antient lore!
Adieu the fair Aonian choir,
A long farewell to Sappho's lyre,
In hall, or solemn bow'r.

The muses fly from gloomy care,
Crest-fallen o'er rugged dells I steer,
Dark clouds soon clothe the Sky:
Aslant I feel the thick rains beat,
To make my lot the more compleat,
No friendly Fonford nigh.

Was't

Was't fate—or RALPH abhorring storm,
Descries in shade snug quarters warm,
Close on the mountain's side!
There hous'd—from little chasm I spy,
The driving tempest passing by,
And blur the landscape's pride.

With curious eye each tint I mark,
See all by just degrees grow dark,
Vanish the village spire:
Farms—cots—and mills—a mingled host,
Each following each till all were lost,---
There—darts th' ethereal fire.

Harbour'd with hearts of nature's school,
I bless my friendly planets' rule,
And prove my farmer's fame:
In ample chimney's circle plac'd,
In elbow'd chair, distinguish'd guest!
While MARIAN heaps the flame.

Yet tho' at home in rural joys,
With lovely girls, and stirring boys,
And JOHNSON's better part: (1)
While pleasure peeps at either eye,
Why the involuntary sigh?
'Tis FONFORD has my heart.

(1) Mrs. J. the farmer's wife, the best housewife in the county.

EPITRE

A

MOI-MÊME,

A LA FAÇON DE BOILEAU. (1)

Toutes contreés du monde, du Japon, au Perou,
Produisent Ames riches, au dessus du menu.
Etres choisis du ciel, pour instruire et pour com-
plaire,
Et recueillir par tout les homages du vulgaire.
Au dela et du Marbre, et du Fonte leur renom
Se trouve gravé au temple d'Apollon.
Es tu mon esprit pretendant pour la gloire? ---
Des eaux douces d'Helicon as tu l'audace de boire?

(1) Cet epitre est en effet un nouvel art poetique en bréf. L'Auteur dit-on, a la hardiesse au dessus de ses confreres de se mettre en bataille avec les grands dramatistes françois qui ne se detachent jamais des loix d'Aristote. Mais pour cela il se raport à la nature et le bon sens qui font la cynosure de a marche.

Cet epitre a passé la revue d'un scavant du college.

A toi

A toi-même tu vantes l'extreme de ton art:
Que chez toi les MUSES ont plantés l'etendart;
Soyés sage, 'tit mami, defiés tu de toi:
Il est toujours a craindre d'un intime la loi.
Le bon DIEU a chacun lui donne de quoi lui plaire:
Une musique interne, sans melange de severe.
L'Hermite en solitude voit les saints en jolis songes:
Et tire un bon fruit par des pieux mensonges.
Tel vous autres harmonistes ecartés en reduits
De vos propres idées vous vous faites Paradis.
Un desir poetique differe du talent:
C'est a toi mon esprit d'arranger justement.
Si tes ecrits manquent le bon sel attique,
Ils ne seront cheris d'indocile public.
Ils peuvent t'eblouir au fond de ton boudoir:
Sans avis defendés a personne de les voir.
Remettés toi, mon cher, qu'il y à des crèatures,
Des ZOILES refrognés, redoubtables aux auteurs.
Qui talonnent, ou caressent, sont mous ou sont amers
Prostituant talent aux gages des libraires.
Maints lecteurs faineans s'en raportent a eux:
Que peut un poete de plus fastidieux?
Faites vous donc des amis promts a vous censurer
Et te rendre tôut nêt avant que t'admirer.
Qu'ils soient de vos ecrits les confidents sinceres,
Et de tous vos deffauts les zelés adversaires.

Depouilles

Depouillés devant eux l'arrogance d'auteur:
Mais sachés de l'ami discerner le flatteur.
Aimés qu'on te conseille, et non pas qu'on te loue:
Boit t'il votre vin? a façe grave il te joue.
L'Hypocrite aussitot cherche a se recrier,
Chaque vers qu'il entend le fait extasier.
Tout est charmant! divin! aucun mot ne le blesse
Il trepigne de joie, il pleure de tendresse:
D'Eloges fastueux il te comble de droit,
Tantôt il se moque de tes vers, et de toi.
Mais cet ami sincere, et docte, et de bon gôut:
Ce grand tresor trouver? seroit d'aller au bôut.
Est il ecrivain lui? la jalousie y va,
Chaque bon vers des vôtres, est pour lui un rabat.
Est il homme de college? enteté des saints peres
Vôtre satire mordante, il ne goutera guères.
Est il d'esprit sombre? retif aux amours?---
Vos vers folichons lui gateroient bonnes moeurs.
Est il du beau monde affairé a faire rien?
Jurisconsulte en vers vous y chercherés en vain.
Et guères dans la foule d'un public occupé
Fainèant de critique trouv'ra tu a ton gré.
D'affaires propres tout le monde se gene et se remu
Guères à t'on le loisir de prier le Bon Dieu.
Auteur est aux abois qui' souhaiteroit un avis:
" Qu'il se fi donc a soi, et non pas aux amis."
Mais encore de toi meme allés en retenue:
Et la bride a la main faites toûjours la reveu.

Exist

Exist il qui ait du fiel, pour ce qui lui est chere?
Auteur sage est a soi critique severe.
Encore pour prevenir l'erreur de bon parent,
(Tôus lecteurs croyés moi agissent sans compliment.)
A double cadenàs enserrés loin des yeux,
Tes beaux vers mignons, n'en songés si tu peux.
Et au bout de dix ans faites les voir le jour:
Vous les lirés au clair sans tendresse, d'auteur.
Comme ouvrage d'autrui, vous frappra le moment,
La balance critique panchera justement.
Les deffauts paroitront sans fard, et sans appui:
Les beautés intrinsiques auront double leur prix.
Et pour comble resultant du SCIENCE DE L'ARMOIRE:
A jamais ils brilleront au TEMPLE DE LA MEMOIRE.
Tel fut des anciens le chemin frayé:
Beaux esprits! les heritiers de l'eternité.
Au reste, CAMARADE! la bonne voix cultivés, (1)
Au double va le prix des versets recités.

Ecartés

(1) Au sentiment des anciens le mouvement etoit ce qu'il y avoit de plus important dans l'execution de la MUSIQUE. La quelle comprenoit la recitation ou la declamation. Plusieurs passages des ecritures de CICERON et de QUINCTILIEN ARISTIDES, font foi que les acteurs anciens marquoient parfaitement bien toutes les signes des passions par les gestes et la contenance: le mouvement de la tête, des bras, mais sur tout des yeux.

C'est

Ecartés si tu peux compagnon de coeur,
Instruit en cadence, et bon declamateur.
En champ clos, ou chez toi, mais gardés bien la porte
Ajoustés haute emphase---masque marqué l'emporte.
Le bras jetté en l'air---est un trait seducteur,
Et vaut en histrion un volume de lecture.
L'Antoine en boudoir on ne trouve que sage : (1)
L'Antoine en tribune, suscite gros orage.
Cependant un poete aprouvé des sçavans
Ira-t'-il des grands vers insulter les passans ?
Ne preférera t'il pas reciter aux hetres ?
Et a l'ombre de son chéne chanter ses champetres ?
Belle muse il cloitera comme amie cherie,
Pour jouissance secrete, inconnue, inouie,
Et si par tout hazard un rayon en resulte,
C'est pour lui desolant il dèsavoue le culte.
Telle est nôtre demarche---humeur bizar possede:
Vingt ans tiennent cachée l'aimable EMMEIDE.
Vingt autres voileront " LA DIANE AU BAIN,
La soeur d'APOLLON paroitra a la fin.
Il y à des critiques entetés d'ancien choëur,
Qui s'offensent de qui ose y attacher erreur.

C'est sur le visage principalement que l'ame se peinte et nous y parle le plus intelligiblement.
V. les Reflexions sur la Poesie et la Peinture.

(1) Vide Plutarque. Vit. Antonii.

Quoi

Quoi?---le MARON latin tient il aucun deffaut?
Son PEGASE bondissant fit il j'amais faux trot?
N'assoupit il jamais, redoubtable HOMERE?
MILTON, l'audacieux, fait-il pàs en arriere?
Qu'en diroient ces sages l'accusation de crime
Que le POPE, tres huileux, trèbuche dans la rime?
Que l'aimable HORACE sans soin et sans façon,
Chanta de caprice, en depit d'APOLLON?
Et que l'APOLLON même en humeur un peu gaie
Dèbande lui meme son arc aux vallons de PENÉE?
Mais trés indomptable est l'oreille du PÈDANT,
Pour souffrir des deffauts en pur compliment.
Bon enfant de la PERMESSE se sôumette a ses loix,
Evitant tôut désordre et de l'oeil et de voix.
Chaque vers roule en cadence, et pour tout accomplir,
Il elit bien les mots tôus souples a son desir.
Pour son grand heroique de structure classique,
Il s'en sert comme jadis tyran de L'ATTIQUE;
Traita les conviés sur son lit de repos:
Monstr' infame! tout comme lui poète s'en use des mots.
D'ordonnance cruelle, en espece de revanche
Les trop courts il allonge, les trop longs il retranche.
L'*E* muët sert a tôut, commode pour la mesure,
M*a*r-q*ue* bien le repos, succombe 'a la cèsure.

* * * *

Cultivés le bon sens, qu'il te soit saint IDOLE:
CYNOSURE des sçavans, infaillible boussole!

Les

Les poesies diverses veulent langages divers
Le DRAME, l'EPOPEÉ, le LYRIQUE ont leurs vers.
N'admettés point en drame longue declamation,
Mettés toi en defi de grande nation.
Langage de thèatre ne differe que de peu,
De langage du monde, ce doit etre soutenu.
Que vos vers soient triés quelque soit votre sujet:
Hero ne doit parler en ton bas de valet.
Et quoiqu'en guerre il s'en prenne a l'escrime,
Ce seroit drole en SENAT leur haranguer en rime
Dans le drame d'Avon trouve t'on scene sterile? (1)
Gardés bien l'opprobre de genie d'imbecille.
Que ta marche soit guidée par etoille sage.
Detachés toi d'exemples aveuglés de l'age.
Et que grands soient les noms des RACINES, des CORNEILLES
Beaux scenes, bouts rimés: me blessent les oreilles.
C'est peu qu'on me cotte le GENIE GALLIQUE
Ce n'est, a mon avis, que les restes du GOTHIQUE.
Qu'une langue heroique par tout va de meme:
Mais HERO rimeur est une outrance extreme.
Je m'offense beaucoup dans un drame achevé,
Voir rouler les discours sans varieté.
Ou tous brillent de même: c'est un mauvais tableau,
Qu' eblouit par tout, sans les ombres de repos.

(1) C'est chose asséz remarquable que gueres pourroit on trouver dans les drames de SHAKESPEARE, un seul scene sterile. P.

Suivés

Suivés proche la nature, ne vous en ecartés guére:
Que chacun de votre role parle de propre maniere.
CESAR en gros tyran est bouffi de sa rage:
L'ESTHER terrasseè s'en use autre langage.
Je me moque a l'extreme des angoises d'artist sot,
Qui se met aux abois par les loix d'ARISTOTE.
Cloué de trois heures en sallon, en parvis;
Il y entasse tous, ROIS, BRIGANDS, PRETRES, COMMIS.
Sans songer que chaque acte donne le repos souhaité
Pour transporter son monde a ROME, THEBES ou L'EUBEE.
Corps lourd ne bougit guéres en poursuite de l'histoire
Plus habiles au grand vol, sont les ames de l'auditoire.
Mais quoique bout rimé en drame soit defendu
Aux autres poesies tu as bien mon aveu.
L'Epopée peut rimer sans demander excuse:
C'est poete qui y chante, ou bien la belle MUSE.
Et en voye de LYRIQUE adonné au frivole,
Sans entraves l'amant peut chanter son idole.
Que ton choix d'heroique soit tiré de l'ancien:
L'HENRIADE a mon gout n'est qu'un fade vaut rien.
Le RICHARD enfanté d'un riche literaire,
Par son stance ennuiant dort en pousse au libraire.
Qu'entend

Qu'entende-je? beaux vers, trente mille a rimer! (1)
Effacés en le tiers, reste de quoi nous assommer.
Dans ton drame evités l'insuffisance de sot
Ou la BELLE manque d'autrui s'explique a son poteau.
Et l'Enflure, de MELPOMÈNE ne touche j'amais coeur
Si la Piece ne deploie les delices de l'amour.

* * * * *

Mais enfin, graces au ciel! si on trouve sots d'auteurs
On trouve pour le comble le double sots lecteurs.
Et ce doit consoler l'ecrivain du néant
Que le monde enfante critiques a l'oreille d'ane.
Et meme en college ou les sages se vantent de toûte
La langue de J*** C*** en entendent ils goutte? (2)

(1) Ce poeme enorme consistoit d'origine de 24m a 30m vers; l'auteur le soumetta a la reveu de quelques amis affidés qui en retranchirent 8m.

(2) Voyez l'Emile de Rousseau, tom. 3, p. 150. Edit. Leipsig, 1762.

VERA FIDES.

THAT which contented makes the mind:
And forms the "FRIEND OF HUMAN KIND,"
To fire and sword a stranger:
That, which in dreadful hour of death,
Speaks comfort, with an Angel's breath,
That FAITH involves no danger.

TO

TO MY PEN,

AN ODE.

————Penna!
O mihi me conjux cara.
Ovid.

DEAR PEN! my plaything and my pride,
In spirit's lofty running tide;
Thee with full heart I prize:
Thy labors done, in FAME's high state,
'*Well or ill cut*'—I dedicate, (1)
Eternal in the Skies.

'Tis thine, dear gift of Gods above,
To raise the Muses from their grove;
Fair phantoms round us roll:
Paint young idea bright and warm,
In all the luxury of form,
And brilliancy of soul.

(1) ———— Penola mia
Bien cortada---o mal tagliada. *Saavedra.*

Drawn from th' eternal Cupid's pinion, (1)
The universe is thy dominion:
Thy soul a plastic fire:
The magic of thy point divine,
Shall cause the vivid thought to shine,
When PHEBUS' beams expire.

Come to my heart, thou friend sincere:
In FAME's proud dome, a living Star!
Supremely shalt thou beam:
Mutual and endless be our date,
Beyond the shot of common fate,
Heirs of a quiet fame.

That dome be thine—in honors clad:
Thy chosen station be its shade;
Its solemn shade thy care:
In that sequester'd sacred scite,
Thy master's mental joys delight,
He shuns the noon-tide glare.

(1) A thought has an internal capacity, or capability of unimpairable eternal existence;—write it, re-write to all eternity, it is still the same, and differs from every other thing we know of.

Hence

In rural cot's delightful gloom,
Where the coy VENUS loves to roam,
His free soul breathes conceal'd:
Hence late shall rise his bosom's store,
Like mines, long hiding all their ore,
To few alone reveal'd.

An age or two shall wing their flight,
Ere it shall meet the common light:
Sleep hold the poet's name:
A little scyon of his love,
His greatest, surest guard shall prove,
Firm usher of his fame.

Friends shall resort—the chosen few,
Where thou, my PEN, shalt rise to view,
The wise—the true refin'd:
Such, such alone is his desire,
Such who can prize the Muse's fire,
And energy of mind.

Far, far away the vulgar croud, (1)
Vot'ries of BACCHUS—drunken God!
Vain, uncongenial horde!
But welcome youths, of honor's train,
Bright virgins too of DIAN's reign,
Beauty be e'er ador'd.

(1) Procul prophanum vulgus.

Round thee, in midnight's solemn scene,
A thousand shapes shall rise unseen,
But by the poet's eye:
Heroes—and kings like them of yore,
And gorgeous dames, a blooming store,—
—Our GIPSEY shall pass by. (1)

Aereal music then shall sound, (2)
Enchantment wild fill all around:
The labouring Moon appear: (3)
CIRCE display unearthly charms, (4)
Voluptuous—she, the wise disarms:—
—COURCY's bright plume be there. (5)

COLUMNA's matchless cheek shall glow: (6)
EMELIA's breast shew new fall'n snow: (7)
ELFRIDA! ah too fair! (8)
RUNILLA!—fiend thro' love's dire force, (9)
Hot tears shall flow in pity's course,
Hearts melt in grief sincere.

(1) Sylvia in the Gipsies. *Drama.*
(2) In Camillus and Columna. *Drama.*
(3) Full Moon scene in Selim—il Medico Persico. *Drama.*
(4) Circe, the enchantress. *Drama.*
(5) Courcy, Earl of Ulster. *Drama.*
(6) Camillus and Columna. *Drama.*
(7) Character in Courcy.
(8) Edgar and Elfrida. *Drama.*
(9) In the Children in the Wood. *Drama.*

These

These are thy works—oh PEN divine!
And ' *con amore*'—they shall shine, (1)
When brass shall mould away: (2)
On TIME's firm wing they still shall rise,
Lov'd, guarded, by the good and wise,
Impervious to decay.

(1) The painters have three positions of merit.
1st Con Sapienza—the mechanic work.
2d Con Diligenza—to paint with industry and care.
3d Con Amore—when the painter's heart and soul goes in his work—and for himself.

(2) Exegi monumentum *ære* perennius:
Non omnis moriar:
————Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens.
Hor. Od. 30. Lib. 3.

F745

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